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Lord Armstrong.

By Major Evan Rowland Jones,

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THE fond hopes and "best laid schemes" of parents have oft been frustrated by the tyrant voice of genius. Honour and obedience to beloved guardians are commendable and to be cherished. But the human soul and intellect cannot be formed and fashioned like the potter's clay. We may not change the colour of the iris,

the character of the voice, our form and stature: much less the Divine essence—the soul and its stock-in-trade within us. Ben Jonson had a trowel in his hand for long, a book in his pocket and volumes in his brains the while. Davy ignored his indentures to the apothecary to search the hills for minerals and dream of future renown. Linnaeus was intended for the Church; but he neglected



SCENE IN ARMSTRONG PARK, HEATON SECTION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

theology, obeyed the still small voice, and became the immortal founder of botany. Faraday obtained food for his craving genius from the books he stitched, responded to the inward monitor's call, and held "aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years." The generous offer of a friend and the solicitous guidance of parents made William George Armstrong a lawyer. He locked himself up amid parchment rolls and tomes of decisions and authorities, gave his undivided heart to the pursuit of science, and made a column of water lift a hundred tons!

Children are not necessarily the best judges of that for which they are best intended. They frequently make a wrong selection under the influence of surroundings not intended to give them the bias. In maturity they often abandon their first love. Many boys are without preference; they continue indifferent to every vocation from the village green to the end of life. This was not the case with the boy William George Armstrong. Mechanics were to him a passion from childhood, and physical science absorbed his hours of relaxation as a schoolboy and as a student at law. His father was the son of a Cumberland yeoman, who became a corn merchant, an alderman, and a mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, while his mother was a daughter of William Potter, of Walbottle House, Northumberland. To this worthy couple, a son, afterwards the famous engineer, was born on Nov. 26, 1810, at Pleasant Row, Shieldfield, Newcastle.*

William entered the Bishop Auckland Grammar School in 1826, where he remained for several years. During his residence at Bishop Auckland, he gratified his mechanical ingenuity at the works of Mr. Ramshaw. He was invited to that gentleman's home, where he found "a help-meet for him." Aye, and one who, during a busy, eventful, and brilliant career, has seconded his best efforts and cheered his anxious moments. She shares to-day his noble fame. Upon leaving school young Armstrong entered the law office of Mr. Armorer Donkin, an intimate friend of the family, and a man of influence and position in the community. His legal curriculum was finished at the office of his brother-in-law, Mr. W. H. Watson, the late Baron Watson, then a special pleader in the Temple. In 1833 he returned to his native town to become a partner with Messrs. Donkin, Stable, and Armstrong.

Mr. Armstrong was not an orthodox English sportsman. Though fond of music, the cry of the hound failed to charm his senses. Fishing was his favourite sport. He imbibed the taste from his father. Even in this pastime his inventive genius found employment. A new bait basket was contrived, whereby the minnow was kept at a lower temperature; his tackle was continually undergoing improvement; and he became one of the most accomplished fishers on the Coquet. It was during an out-

ing through the Craven district of Yorkshire in quest of trout that the idea which culminated in his fame first came to him. He was rambling through Dent Dale, in 1836, when his attention was arrested by an overshot water-wheel turned by a gurgling rill. The mill-wheel supplied the power for some marble works at the foot of the declivity. Twenty feet only of several hundred feet descent was utilised; the rest remained unproductive. The possibility of the stream as a motive power at once engrossed Mr. Armstrong's thoughts. Intuition took the hint. For ten years he thought and wrought to perfect and realise his idea. Now the freights of nations are swung by his crane, and his hydraulic machinery is found on every mart of commerce in the civilized world.

But the time during which he was harnessed to the legal profession was in truth a period of apprenticeship in constructive mechanics. Scarcely a day passed when Mr. Armstrong was at home that he did not spend several hours at Watson's High Bridge Works, either superintending his own models or watching the construction of scientific machinery. It was a severe struggle between a sense of duty to his partners and profession on the one hand, and innate genius on the other; and the young solicitor kept swinging like an erratic pendulum between the law office and the lathe. The first attempt of Mr. Armstrong to realise his ambition to convert a column of water into a motive power was by means of an automatic hydraulic wheel, acted upon by discs made to enter a curved tube at the radius of the wheel-edge. It was an ingenious contrivance, and its utility was tested at the Skinner Burn. This was admirable experience, and a valuable lesson; but the wheel failed to realise the inventor's expectations.

Soon after this time a sensation was produced in the scientific world by a phenomenon which transpired at one of the Seaton Delaval Collieries. The workmen declared that something "uncanny like" was seen at the engine boiler, and when they adjusted the safety-valve while steam was blowing off, fire was said to reach out towards their finger-tips. Tyneside philosophers, and subsequently men of science throughout the country, became interested in the mystery; and it was discovered that electricity was evolved under the following circumstances: The boiler was found to be insulated upon a dry seating, and the friction produced by the escape of particles of water blowing away with high-pressure steam produced electricity, and a nervous shock was experienced when the hand was held in proximity to the escaping steam. Experiments bearing upon the generation of electricity by high-pressure steam were commenced by a number of scientific men; but the lawyer distanced the philosophers in the measure of success attained. Numerous tests were made as to the best material for insulation and the best form and lining for the exit of steam. At last the hydro-electric machine was produced at the works of Messrs. Watson and Lambert, Carliol Square. Large

* For view of birthplace see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. I., p. 286.

numbers of this celebrated machine were constructed—for the Polytechnic Institution of London, for Professor Faraday, and for the scientific institutions of Europe and America.

When the invention had been completed, Mr. Armstrong returned to his favourite study, and continued to make experiments to perfect his hydraulic machine: at last he succeeded. A fortunate circumstance materially assisted in bringing it under public notice and into prac-

put to the test in loading and discharging ships. Three more cranes were eventually ordered by the Corporation of Newcastle. A somewhat interesting circumstance, which tended to forward the popularity of the hydraulic crane, took place at this time. Let the inventor himself relate it:—

Amongst others the late Sir William Cubitt (then Mr. Cubitt) took a very early interest in the machine, and wrote to Mr. Jesse Hartley, who was then the engineer of the Liverpool Docks, urging him to go and see it, but that somewhat eccentric gentleman, who was very averse to novelties, at first flatly refused to do so. A second letter from Sir William Cubitt put the matter in such a light that Mr. Hartley could not persist in his refusal without incurring the imputation of shutting his eyes to improvements; so without giving any notice of his intention he went to Newcastle alone to see the crane. It was not at work when he arrived, but the man in charge was there, and Mr. Hartley entered into a bantering conversation with him. This man, who went by the name of "Hydraulic Jack," had acquired great dexterity in the management of the machine, and being put upon his "mettle" by Mr. Hartley's incredulous observations, he proceeded to show its action by a daring treatment of a hogshead of sugar. He began by running it up with great velocity to the head of the jib, and then letting it as rapidly descend, but by gradually reducing its speed as it neared the ground he stopped it softly before it quite touched the pavement. He next swung it round to the opposite side of the circle, continuing to lift and lower with great rapidity while the jib was in motion, and, in short, he exhibited the machine to such advantage that Mr. Hartley's prejudices were vanquished. Mr. Hartley, who will be remembered as a man whose odd ways were combined with a frank and generous disposition, displayed no feeling of discomfiture, but at once called upon the author, whom he laconically addressed in the following words: "I am Jesse Hartley, of Liverpool, and I have seen your crane. It is the very thing I want, and I shall recommend its adoption at the Albert Dock."

With scarcely another word he bade adieu, and returned to Liverpool. This anecdote marks an epoch in the history of hydraulic cranes, which then passed from the stage of experiment to that of assured adoption.

The triumph of the invention and the fame of the inventor were now established; and in 1847-8 the Elswick Works, intended for the construction of hydraulic machinery, were founded by Mr. Armstrong and his old friend and partner Mr. Alderman Donkin, Mr. Alderman



LORD ARMSTRONG.

tical use. In 1845, Mr. Armstrong became associated in his legal capacity with a company organised to supply the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead with water. When the company was formed, Mr. Armstrong delivered a lecture at the Literary Society of Newcastle, and demonstrated the utility of his invention by a working model. Soon thereafter a few friends joined with him to erect a crane on Newcastle Quay, where its usefulness could be

Potter, Mr. George Cruddas, and Mr. Richard Lambert. From this beginning the famous works of Sir William Armstrong and Partners have developed.

Mr. Armstrong had no part in the international jumble out of which the Crimean War was begotten. But when the appeal to arms was made, he was sufficiently human, and enough of a patriot, to wish success to British arms. He watched the movements of troops, the formation of lines, the approaches and means of defence with the anxiety of an Englishman, but from the plane of science. Difficulty was experienced at Inkerman in bringing up heavy artillery. Two eighteen-pounders were finally got into position; they contributed largely to turn the tide of battle, and gain the doubtful day. "Why cannot lighter guns obtain a greater range?" That was the question which occurred to Mr. Armstrong. And he grasped this proposition with all that strength and continuity which characterise him. Inkerman was fought in November, 1854. Within a month he had solved the problem, convinced the War Secretary, and commenced the gun. The arrow in its flight first suggested the best

for rifled ordnance. A Committee of the House of Commons, reporting upon the whole question, said:—

Mr. Armstrong proposed a method of constructing a gun which rendered it capable of enduring the strain to which rifled ordnance is submitted. This method was certainly at that time the only one capable of fulfilling that condition; and your Committee have had no practical evidence before them that even at this moment any other method of constructing rifled ordnance exists which can be compared with that of Mr. Armstrong. In combination with his system of constructing or manufacturing a gun, Mr. Armstrong had introduced to the notice of the Government a plan of breechloading, the gun being rifled on the old polygroove system, which involved the coating of the projectile with soft metal. This combination of construction, breechloading, rifling, and coating the projectiles with soft metal, came to be termed the Armstrong system. The range and precision of the gun were so vastly superior to all field ordnance known at the time, that, after careful and repeated trials, the Committee appointed to investigate the question recommended its adoption as the field gun of the service.

The Adjutant-General of Artillery pronounced the Armstrong field gun the best then known—that also being "the opinion of officers of Artillery of all classes." The success of the gun was conclusive, the result of the



form of projectile. But material of construction and its application, the mode and method of rifling, loading, and of exploding shells—all the questions involved in gunnery had to be thought out anew and by a single mind. Experimental guns were constructed, and trials were made at early hours and in out of the way places, on the moors at Allenheads and by the sea-shore. At last, in the spring of 1856, the Armstrong gun was ready for official scrutiny. The first gun submitted to the Government was a three-pounder. A five-pounder was next made for further examination; it was adopted. Heavier cannon, to be constructed on the Armstrong principle, were required at once. The Rifled Cannon Committee tested the capabilities of the gun to the uttermost, and recommended it as combining the best known elements

struggle was most gratifying to Mr. Armstrong, and fortune was at his feet. But he rose to a sublime height, and gave the fruit of his genius, his toils of years, his hope of reward and renown, without fee or consideration, to his country. The nation applauded the deed of patriotism. The Queen conferred upon him the dignity of Knighthood and Commander of the Bath. His services were found imperative for the construction of the gun; and he was made Engineer of Rifled Ordnance, with a salary of £2,000 a year, and, later, Superintendent of the Gun Factory. The Government required that guns should be constructed with secrecy and despatch. Woolwich was entirely unprepared for such work, and an arrangement was made whereby the Armstrong guns should be made at Elswick. Lord Derby's Government

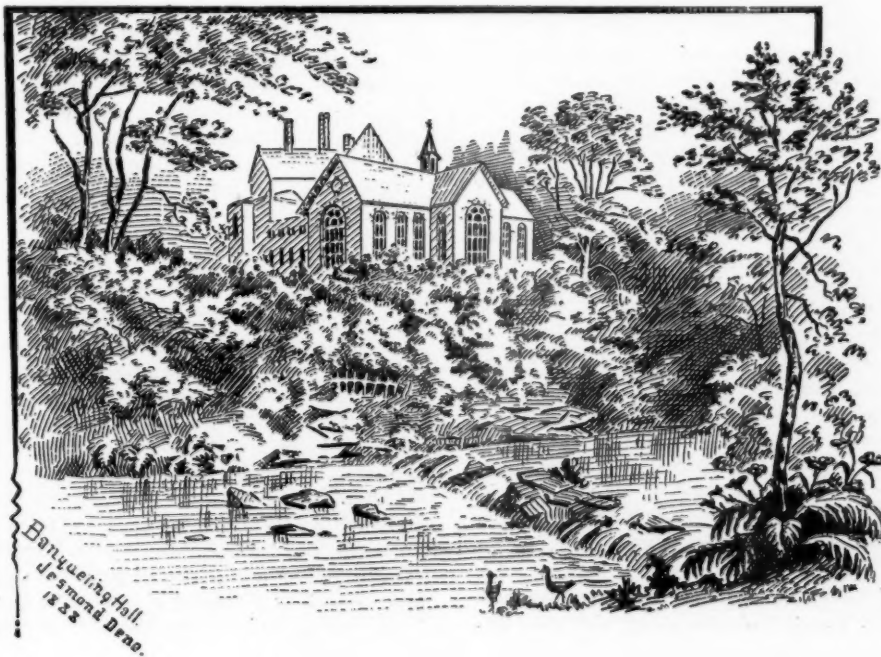
made the contract. Under its provisions the Elswick Ordnance Company were obliged to provide all the works and machinery for making the ordnance required, and confine them entirely to the execution of Government orders. Should the works be kept idle through want of orders from the Department for War, the company was to receive compensation, to be assessed by the Attorney General. This arrangement continued until the spring of 1863, when Sir William resigned his appointment, and the contract between the Government and the Elswick Company was cancelled by mutual consent.

But few of the original features of the Armstrong gun are maintained in the ordnance now made by the inventor. The coil formation, the rifling, and the breech-loading when desired, are adhered to. And in view of the results of the trials at Spezzia, it is only fair to add that the gun still holds the supremacy. But the original little three-pounder, which two men could carry, has grown into a one hundred ton wire gun, the most destructive weapon upon earth.

From modest beginnings the Elswick Works have gone on increasing and extending until now they cover about seventy acres of ground, and afford employment to 12,000 contented men. Towards the end of 1882, they were joined to the well-known shipbuilding works of Charles Mitchell and Co., of Low Walker, under the corporate name of Sir William George Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Limited. The position for their enterprise is admirable: their capabilities for building and mounting war vessels—arising out of a remark-

able combination of genius, skill, workmanship, hydraulic contrivances to make and handle ordnance, and work the guns when mounted—are certainly unsurpassed. When the new company's stock was placed upon the market, the applications exceeded the shares to be issued fourfold.

Although he had been frequently invited to associate himself in some direct manner with the management of the public affairs of his native town, Sir William Armstrong only once solicited the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. And then his services were declined. A grave crisis had arisen in 1886. Mr. Gladstone, having produced a Home Rule Bill for Ireland which had failed to secure the support of a large section of the Liberal party, was defeated in Parliament. Then followed a general election. Sir William Armstrong was a Liberal; but he dissented from the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone. Requested to come forward as a candidate on Unionist principles for one of the two seats for Newcastle, he agreed to stand, with Sir Matthew White Ridley as his colleague. Mr. John Morley and Mr. James Craig, Gladstonian Liberals, were, however, returned. It was Sir William Armstrong's first and last contest in Newcastle. But though excluded from the House of Commons, he was offered a seat in the House of Lords. This offer, made in 1887, was accepted. Elevated to the peerage as Baron Armstrong of Crag-side, he was honoured by the Government of the day with the duty of seconding the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. It goes without saying that he discharged this function with dignity and credit.



Barnyard Hall,
Jesmond Dene,
1838

Lord Armstrong has ever taken a deep interest in public institutions and affairs. It was through him that a committee was appointed by the Government to report upon the coal measures of Great Britain. He has actively participated in the deliberations, and is a past president of the British Association, the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, the Institute of Civil Engineers, and kindred societies. The Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle is indebted to Lord Armstrong, its president, for more than his bountiful hand and wise supervision. His lectures from its platform have added to the high position it occupies among the societies of England. In 1844 he addressed the members upon hydro-electricity. During the next session he delivered three lectures on "The Employment of a Column of Water as a Motive Power for Propelling Machinery." These, together with addresses delivered to the various scientific and mechanical institutes, and articles contributed to magazines and publications, are all in the special direction of his fame. But in the winter of 1873 he gave the society and his townsmen the result of a visit to Egypt in 1872, in four lectures. These lectures now constitute a small volume, full of information and charm.

Bountiful gifts from Lord and Lady Armstrong have become such frequent occurrences that they no longer occasion surprise. Were the Jardin d'Acclimatation repeated on the western slopes of Newcastle, no one would wonder. A lecture hall for the Literary Society to-day, an operating theatre for the Infirmary to-morrow; thousands to restore a grand old steeple; thousands more to the Children's Hospital; three-fourths of a £20,000 bridge across Benton Valley; ten thousand to the Natural History Museum; a Mechanics' Institute, and a long range of schools, for the workmen of Elswick: a Banqueting Hall for the city of his birth; Parks for his fellow-citizens! I am told that his wealth is still immense. The more he bestows the richer he becomes. To satisfy the cravings of the student, to reclaim the child from disease, are deeds for more than evanescent applause. What are bags of gold in the vaults compared with a mortgage upon the hearts and brains of men and women? And the parks he has provided, the acres which his bountiful heart has wisely bestowed upon the people, are more valuable to him now than ever before: the quality has been transformed, the area transferred into the grateful viages of the people; and smiling little faces of generations yet unborn shall bless the memory of him who vouchsafed for them recreation grounds surrounded by the beauties and riches of nature—who enabled them to breathe the air of heaven amid the hum and strife of earth. He who can evoke the blessings of the poor is more than a prince: and his fame shall resist "the empire of decay."

Lord Armstrong's portrait is copied from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, taken a few years ago.

The banqueting hall in Jesmond Dene, like the Armstrong Park adjoining, forms part of the princely gifts of Lord Armstrong to the people of Newcastle.

Candyman.

DR. MURRAY, of Oxford, pausing in the herculean task of his "New English Dictionary," tells us—"The fact has of late years powerfully impressed itself upon philological students, that the creative period of language, the epoch of 'roots,' has never come to an end. The 'origin of language' is not to be sought merely in a far-off Indo-European antiquity, or in a still earlier pre-Aryan yore-time; it is still in perennial process around us." A literary language is hostile to word-creation. But such is not the case with language in its natural state. "The unwritten dialect," he adds, "and, to some extent, even slang, and colloquial speech, approach in character to language in its natural state, aiming only at being expressive, and treating memory and precedent as ministers, not as masters. In the local dialects, then, in slang, in colloquial use, new vocables and new expressions may at any time be abruptly brought forth to serve the needs of the moment. Some of these pass at length from colloquial into epistolary, journalistic, and, finally, into general literary use. The dialect glossaries abound in words of this kind." Such a word is "candyman," a word known to every pitman in Durham and Northumberland, which has a place in the English language and is defined in "The New English Dictionary" as meaning, in the North of England, "a bum-bailiff, or process server." Now, everybody knows the "candy," or "sugar-candy," which lured the juvenile, happy in the possession of a penny, to purchase its sticky sweetness from the tempting window, or which was an irresistible bait to our infantile ha'penny when displayed with all the blandishment of the itinerant "candyman." But what possible connection can there be between the grave "bum-bailiff" of the dictionary and the wandering confectionery man with sweet discourse? This question was asked in the London *Notes and Queries* just a dozen years ago, and was in that same volume fully and finally explained by Mr. W. E. Adams, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who wrote—"It is not often that we are able to trace so satisfactorily the origin of provincial words as we are that of the word 'candyman.' It is, as was stated in the editor's note (*Notes and Queries*, vol. v., p. 325, April 22nd, 1876), 'a term in the North for men employed to carry out evictions against cottage occupiers.' There was, in October, 1863, a great strike of miners at the collieries of Messrs. Strakers and Love, in the county of Durham. As no adjustment of the difference was possible, the owners determined to eject the miners from their cottages. For this purpose a large number of curious characters were engaged by the agents of Messrs. Strakers and Love. Among the persons so engaged was at least one

whose ordinary occupation was that of selling candy and other sweetmeats in the neighbouring towns. The man was recognised and was chaffed about his calling by the evicted miners. Very soon, of course, the term 'candyman,' which rapidly became a term of reproach, was applied to the whole class. Since that time the word has come into general use over the two Northern Counties whenever ejectments take place." Like the verbs to bowdlerize, and to boycott, the substantive candyman has thus taken its place as an English word in very recent years. The adoption of "candyman," however, dates from an earlier period than that mentioned by Mr. Adams. It seems to have been first used during the "great stick" of 1844, and had already become general in 1863. But for the prompt record of the unlikely connection between sugar-candy and the serving of a warrant, what groping might not some twentieth century philologist have made, "as vainly in the 'word-board' of Old English speech, or even the fullest vocabulary of Indo-European roots, as in a school-manual of Latin and Greek roots and affixes," to find the origin of the bum-bailiff candyman!

R. OLIVER HESLOP.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

WHITTINGHAM FAIR.

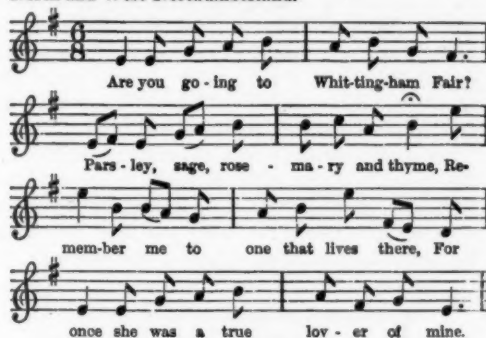
BALLADS embodying a series of riddles are much rarer in the English language than in the language of Sweden, Denmark, or other Northern nations. The riddles in these ballads are sometimes propounded to a knight, sometimes to a lady, and often to the Evil One himself; in the latter case, the demon is sure, of course, to be puzzled and unable to answer the questions.

In addition to its enigmatical character, the metrical construction of "Whittingham Fair" is of a *duolinear* form, common to many ballads which have descended to us from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These compositions were generally of a rude and simple kind, consisting of verses of two lines only, with an interval of rest at the end of each, which the minstrel made use of to play a symphony (either to lengthen the ballad or to display his musical skill). Vocalists, when singing such ballads without instrumental accompaniment, it may be easily inferred, would introduce some burden to replace the symphony of the minstrel. Some of these burdens consisted of short proverbial expressions, such as "Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all." Others were mere nonsense lines that went glibly off the tongue, giving the accent of the music, but having no connection with the subject of the ballad. Examples of these burdens are common in the plays of Shakspeare and the

Elizabethan dramatists. The "Willow willow" of Ophelia in "Hamlet," and "Hey ho! the wind and the rain" of the clown in "Twelfth Night," are specimens, as are also the "Fal lal la" and the "Tol de rol" of our own day.

"Whittingham Fair," like many other old ballads, has been relegated to the nursery, and is sometimes sung without the first verse, though it is then evidently incomplete.

The melody which here accompanies the song we believe to be the original tune, and is always sung to it in North and West Northumberland.



Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;*
Without any seam or needlework,
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Where never spring water or rain ever fell,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
I hope he'll answer as many for me
Before he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to buy me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Betwixt the salt water and the sea sand,
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And sow it all over with one pepper corn,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to sheer't with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And bind it up with a peacock feather,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And never let one corn of it fall,
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

When he has done and finished his work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme:
Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

* The second line of the song "Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme," fully bears out the condition of being a nonsense line, having no connection with the subject; but when we once heard the ballad the singer achieved a still higher pitch of absurdity by solemnly chanting "Parsley, sage, grows merry in time," as the correct burden.

Halton Castle.

HALTON CASTLE or Tower is situated about a couple of miles north of Corbridge, and within a short distance of the Roman Wall. It is regarded as a good specimen of the late pele tower. Without possessing any distinguishing feature, it is interesting from the fact that its stones were mostly taken from the neighbouring Roman station of Halton Chesters, which was identified by Horsley as the Hunnum of the Notitia, the fifth of the stations from the east *per lineam valli* and the headquarters of the Sabinian cavalry regiment. Two Roman funereal tablets are built into the surrounding walls. A small chapel adjoins; but, save the chancel arch and the east window, little of the original architecture remains.

The manor originally belonged to the family of Halton, and appears in the list of lands held in drengage under King John. There was a John de Halton in Henry III.'s reign, and a William of the family was High Sheriff of Northumberland in the seventeenth year of the reign of

Edward I. A sister, Margaret, inherited a moiety of the manor, the other moiety being possessed by the Carnabys of Carnaby, a famous Northumbrian family who in the reign of Richard II. appear to have been in possession of the whole manor. Preserved in this Border tower was a sword of the Carnabys, 5ft. 4in. long. There is a tradition to the effect that when the country was infested with mosstroopers one of the Carnabys had a commission to apprehend and try them. Whilst he was engaged upon the trial of some thieves who had fallen into his hands, a notorious character was seized by his son, who asked his father what should be done with him. "Hang him," said the father. At the termination of the trial with which he was occupied, the elder Carnaby ordered the culprit to be brought before him, but was informed that the sentence had already been carried out. There is a similar tradition, however, about Belted Will.

A relic of the feudal system, according to a statement in the proceedings of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries for 1882-4, is still observed at Great Whittington. The freeholders are obliged to send seven mowers and



fourteen reapers to Halton Castle for one day every year when called upon. It is called the Bond Darge. The labourers receive no wages, but are supplied with victuals and drink.

Thirlwall Castle.

THE ruins of Thirlwall Castle are situate on an eminence on the west bank of the Tipalt, a tributary of the South Tyne, at a short distance north of the point where that rivulet was crossed by the great Roman Wall. Though the castle is said to derive its name from the Scots piercing the wall here, it has evidently had no connection with the great barrier. Horsley, indeed, conjectures that it might have received its present name from a passage of a branch of the South Tyne through the wall a little to the west of the fortress. There is,

however, a tradition that the castle received its name from the fact that the Roman Wall was "thirled," or penetrated, at this point. The walls are in some places nine feet thick, and the place was defended by a strong outward barrier. There is evidence that this stronghold was built entirely of stones from the Roman Wall. In 1831 the south wall fell into the Tipalt. The ruins now present a picturesque appearance, derived from its situation on a rocky boss about thirty feet from the stream. Thirlwall Castle was for many generations the seat of the Thirlwalls, whose heiress, in 1738, married Matthew Swinburn, of Capheaton, who sold the castle and manor to the Earl of Carlisle. Dr. Bruce in his "Roman Wall," says:—"Amongst the witnesses examined on the occasion of the famous suit between the families of Scrope and Grosvenor, for the right to bear the shield 'azure, a bend or,' which was opened at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1385, before King Richard II. in person, was John Thirlwall, an esquire of Northumberland. The witness



Thirlwall Castle.

R.B.

related what he heard on the subject of the dispute from his father, who 'died at the age of 145, and was, when he died, the oldest esquire in the North, and had been in arms in his time sixty-nine years.' Such is the language of the record of these proceedings, preserved in the Tower of London."



Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir Henry Brabant,

AN EXTREME LOYALIST.

"Sir Henry Brabant, another alderman, profest, if the King should command him to kill a man in cold blood, he took himself bound in conscience and duty to execute his commands." *"Life of Ambrose Barnes."*



ONE of Richardson's reprints—"The Eve of the Revolution in Newcastle" (already quoted in our sketch of Sir William Blackett the Second)—is a letter to King James II. from Sir Henry Brabant, complaining that his loyalty to the Crown had not been supported as it should have been by some of his colleagues in the municipal government of Newcastle. The writer of this epistle came, like so many other "men of light and leading" in Newcastle, from the adjoining palatinate. His father, John Brabant, of Pedgbank, had bound him apprentice, in 1636, to Alexander (afterwards Sir Alexander) Davison, one of the leaders of the Royalist party in Newcastle, and one of the most venerable and venerated aldermen of that faction. The times were becoming critical when he entered upon his apprenticeship; they became still more so before his indentures were half completed; long ere his term expired the country was engaged in civil war. In the eighth year of his servitude, when the Scots stormed Newcastle, his master was killed fighting, at the age of eighty, upon the town wall. Trade being at a standstill, he made no effort to secure a "turnover," and when he applied to be admitted to the freedom of the Merchants' Company he was fined for neglecting to complete his apprenticeship. Pleading ignorance, he obtained a remission of one-half the fine, and on the 1st September he was received into fellowship. Not for long, however, did he enjoy his privileges. He had taken lessons in loyalty from the master who died sword in hand defending the Stuart cause, and expressing his opinions too freely, he incurred the displeasure of the authorities. By order of Common Council, in 1649, he was publicly disfranchised for being in arms against the Parliament.

What became of Mr. Brabant during the interregnum is not stated. At the Restoration he regained his freedom, and, being impoverished in his estate by the civil commotions, obtained from Charles II. the office of collector of customs, &c., in Newcastle. The Shrievalty came to him in 1662, and five years later he rose to the higher position of Mayor. Excisemen in those days were not usually very popular persons, and even collectors of customs, when invested with municipal authority, were apt to be regarded with aversion. "There were none that bore office in the excise but rogues," said John Lee, yeoman, "being at William Mason's house in the Bigg Market," on the 15th October, a few days after Mr. Brabant's election. "And what was Henry Brabant," he temerarily asked, "but an exciseman! and none but broken rogues had such places." For which outspoken speech, and seditious words against his Majesty, Lee was hauled up before a magistrate, as, at a later date, Albert Hodgson was cited for saying something to the contrary effect. Hodgson being a Catholic, railed at Alderman Davison, son of Brabant's master, "and did with much invective and malice asperse and abuse Mr. Davison," adding that "none of the aldermen were worth anything except Mr. Brabant," &c. In the times of the Stuarts, as in our own day, railing and abuse were the common heritage of persons in authority, for party spirit in politics and religion is eternally the same.

In the books of the Trinity House is a record that Alderman Henry Brabant and Ralph Jenison were deputed by the town to attend the King in council for the adjustment of a dispute pending between the town and Mr. Edmond Curtis, who had undertaken to clear away the wrecks in the river. The Hostmen's books contain entries that "Ralph Jenison, governor, and Henry Brabant, Esq., going to London, are desired to use their endeavours to secure an Act of Parliament for regulating the abuses of collieries," &c., and that in 1681 the Hostmen appointed a committee to consult Henry Brabant and other officers in the Custom House, with a view to compel ships to discharge at a proper ballast quay, or shore, within the river. Items of no great importance are these, except to show that Mr. Brabant was living in the sunshine, after some years spent in the shade. The circumstances under which he became Mayor a second time, at Michaelmas, 1685, are given in his letter to the King. In that document he appears as a knight, and it is believed that he received this courtly title at his Majesty's accession in March previous. The honour came too late to be of much use to him. For in June, 1687, being then about 66 years of age, he died—died, as he had lived, a poor man. There is an order of Common Council, dated 1707, by which £5 was to be given "to Lady Brabant in charity," and that is the last time the name appears in the municipal annals of Newcastle.

The Rev. John Brand, M.A.,

ANTIQUARY AND HISTORIAN.

The father of John Brand was parish clerk of Washington, near Durham. His daily occupation is not stated; probably he was a farm labourer, or small handicraftsman; if he had been in better circumstances,



local historians would have told us so. His son John was born on the 19th August, 1744; his wife died shortly afterwards, and when he married a second time he allowed his brother-in-law, Anthony Wheatley, to bring the boy to Newcastle to be brought up. Mr. Wheatley was a shoemaker in the Back Row, a narrow thoroughfare which extended eastward from the foot of Westgate Street. (A view of the Back Row, which has now disappeared, was given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 137.) He was only a small tradesman, following an ill-requited calling in a poor neighbourhood, with squalid surroundings, but he did the best he could for his adopted son.

As soon as he was old enough, young Brand was sent to the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle, an institution which a newly-appointed headmaster—the Rev. Hugh Moises—was endowing with fresh life. Under his careful tuition, the lad made rapid progress. Wise and thoughtful beyond his years, as boys brought up by foster-parents often are, he became a diligent and obedient scholar—a credit to the school, and a source of pride and gratification to his teachers. At the age of fourteen he was withdrawn from Mr. Moises's care, and bound apprentice to his uncle.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that the sedentary occupation of a cordwainer fell to his lot. Shoemaking, as practised before the introduction of machinery, was favourable to the formation of studious habits. Young

Brand had acquired at the Grammar School a taste for learning which he was unwilling to neglect. His uncle, being a lenient master, and most likely proud of the accomplishments of his youthful relative, raised no objection. Thus, unfettered at home, and encouraged by Mr. Moises, the lad kept up his studies, conned over his lessons as he sat at work, and grew up to manhood clever and accomplished.

When his indentures of apprenticeship expired, in 1765, Mr. Brand was desirous of utilising his acquirements in a more congenial sphere. But no opening presented itself to his maturing genius, and he remained with his uncle. During his servitude he had begun to woo the Muse, and ventured into print with "A Collection of Poetical Essays. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Printed by I. Thompson, Esq., 1765."

Under the will of Bishop Crewe, Lincoln College, Oxford, was endowed with twelve exhibitions to be held by natives of the diocese of Durham, and in 1768, when Mr. Brand was taking up his freedom of the Cordwainers' Company, it occurred to Mr. Moises that the bishop's munificence might be utilised to rescue his gifted protégé from a life of drudgery and indigence. Opulent friends were consulted, and favourable responses obtained. On the 8th of October, 1768, Mr. Brand was admitted a commoner of Lincoln College, and on the 10th of the month following he was elected a Lord Crewe exhibitioner, the value of which, at that time, was £30 per annum. His collegiate course lasted three years, and when it was ended he was ordained by Dr. Egerton, Bishop of Durham, and licensed to the curacy of Bolam. In 1773, returning to Newcastle, he officiated as one of the curates of St. Andrew's, and the following year, Mr. Matthew Ridley, of Heaton, gave him his first preferment, the curacy of Cramlington, of the yearly value of £40.

While at Oxford, Mr. Brand had renewed his dalliance with the poetic Muse. The subject of his verse was suggested by frequent walks along the banks of the Isis to the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, the burial place of "Fair Rosamond," paramour of Henry II. In 1775, when he took his bachelor's degree, he gave these poetical meditations to the printer, and they were published in a thin quarto (with a copperplate engraving by Ralph Beilby), under the suggestive title of "Illicit Love." Fortunately, soon after its publication, he turned to a more attractive and more useful study—that of antiquities. In November, 1776, he sent to press, from his residence in Westgate Street, Bourne's little book on the Antiquities of the Common People (which had become scarce) with copious additions of his own, under the title of "Observations on Popular Antiquities." This work, expanded from materials which Mr. Brand left behind him, and from other sources, was re-issued in 1813 by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Ellis, and has been several times reprinted.

A few months after it was published the author was admitted a member of the London Society of Antiquaries; the year following he was appointed under usher in the Grammar School of Newcastle, where he had received his early education; and in 1781, having in the meantime taken his M.A. degree, he was preferred to the ushership. The curacies of Cramlington and St. Andrew's, Newcastle, supplemented by his income as usher, afforded him a moderate competence, and he lived in Newcastle, with his aunt, Mrs. Wheatley, as his housekeeper, in comparative ease and comfort.

While thus engaged, he had been collecting materials for a history of Newcastle, and by Christmas, 1783, had made substantial progress with his work. It happened that just at this time the rectory of St. Mary-at-Hill and St. Andrew Hubbard, in the City of London, fell vacant, and the Duke of Northumberland, the patron for that turn, offered the living to Mr. Brand, adding to it the office of private secretary and librarian. On the 8th of February, 1784, he read himself in at St. Mary-at-Hill, and prepared to take up his permanent abode in London. Directly afterwards, another appointment fell in his way. Dr. Morrell, secretary to the London Society of Antiquaries, died on the 19th of the month, and through the influence of the duke, and the high opinion which his fellow members entertained of his merits, Mr. Brand was unanimously chosen to fill the office.

And now, resident in the Metropolis, provided with ample means, and having free access to public records and private collections, Mr. Brand was able to push his history of Newcastle more rapidly towards completion. Frequent reference to it is made in his "Letters to Ralph Beilby," published by the Newcastle Typographical Society. Obtaining from the Common Council of Newcastle, on the 14th June, 1787, permission to dedicate the work to them, he commenced to solicit subscribers, and on the 16th May, 1789, it was announced as ready for delivery, price three guineas, in two volumes, royal quarto, and liberally illustrated with 34 plates, &c., engraved by Mr. Fittler.

For two and twenty years Mr. Brand fulfilled the duties of secretary to the Society of Antiquaries and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill. He did not marry, but lived with a housekeeper at the rooms of the society in Somerset Place, Strand, till, prosecuted by common informers for non-residence, he was compelled to occupy his parsonage. After the publication of his "History," nothing of importance issued from his pen. He contributed a few papers to the "Archæologia," and printed a quarto pamphlet about some inscriptions discovered in the Tower of London, and that was all. Not that his pen was idle during that long time. On the contrary, it was constantly at work, though in another direction. He made it the chief business of his life to collect scarce and out-of-the-way books and manuscripts, and enrich them

with pen and ink sketches of their authors, explanations of the text, and other useful and critical annotations. Many hundreds of books, pamphlets, and tracts were gathered together at Somerset Place and the parsonage, some of them of the rarest character. Writing a small, thin hand, but clear and legible as print, he was able to compress a great deal of matter into a fly leaf, or the back of a title page, and scores of his treasures were in this way illustrated, explained, and improved.

On the morning of the 11th of September, 1806, while preparing for his usual walk through the City to the office of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Brand suddenly died in his study. He was buried in the chancel of his church of St. Mary-at-Hill, where a tablet, bearing the following inscription, preserves the memory of his pastorate:—

Within the Communion Rails lies interred the Body of the Rev. John Brand, 22 years and 6 months the faithful Rector of this and the united Parish of St. Andrew Hubbard. He was also perpetual Curate of Cramlington, in the County of Northumberland, and he was Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries. He died 11th September, 1806, in the 63rd year of his age. His affectionate Aunt, Mrs. Ann Wheatley, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has erected this Monument to his Memory.

By his will dated March 14, 1790, Mr. Brand bequeathed all his "books, English portraits, prints, ancient coins, household furniture, cloaths, and linen," and all the residue, &c., to his aunt and sole executrix, Ann Wheatley, who had brought him up. The old lady proceeded to realise the property, and the sale of the books and MSS. which he had gathered together was a notable event in London. A priced catalogue of the first part of the "Bibliotheca Brandiana" shows that the sale lasted from May 6 to June 20, 1807, comprised 8,611 lots of books, &c., and 243 lots of MSS., and with a second auction in February following of more than 4,000 duplicates, and collections of pamphlets, realised £17,000.

Probate was granted to Mrs. Wheatley in November, 1806, the value of the property being sworn as under £800. But after the sale, when it was ascertained how inadequately that sum represented the value of Mr. Brand's effects, another probate was issued, and the previous one was declared to be null and void. At Mrs. Wheatley's death, her furniture and other goods and chattels were bequeathed to her maid, Mary Sharp, who had lived with Mr. Brand in London. From Mary Sharp, who resided for some years in Cumberland Row, Newcastle, and died at the age of 90, they came to her niece Ann, wife of Edward Hudson, of Alnwick, and are now in the possession of Mrs. Hudson's representative, Miss Almond of that town. Among them are Mr. Brand's cabinet of coins and curios, gold watch, clock, portfolio of prints, and various framed pictures and engravings. His writing desk (upon which the Rev. Mr. Wasney, the popular curate of St. Thomas's Chapel, wrote his sermons while lodging with Mary Sharp) is owned by the widow

of the late Mr. William Armstrong, master printer of the *Newcastle Chronicle*—a friend of the Hudson family. A collection of papers and letters by and relating to Mr. Brand, including his memorandum book for 1799, and a MS. notice of his works by the late Mr. Thomas Bell, was purchased by the Rev. J. R. Boyle, in 1885, and is now in the library of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.

Our portrait is taken from a miniature kindly lent by Mr. J. C. Brooks, of Newcastle, who inherited it from Mr. John Martin, librarian to the London University. So far as is known, this is the only recognisable portrait of Mr. Brand in existence, the likenesses prefixed to the "History of Newcastle," and sometimes found attached to the catalogue of the "Bibliotheca Brandiana," being only shadow-outlines, or silhouettes.

George Brewis,

ATTORNEY AND TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

In the early part of the present century three brothers named Brewis came from the country to Newcastle, and started business as cartmen. They were industrious, thrifty, God-fearing men, and they prospered. John, the oldest, became an elder and precentor at the High Bridge Presbyterian Chapel, round which loving memories of the Rev. James Murray still lingered, and his brothers William and George were among his fellow-worshippers. They all brought up families in respectability and comfort. One of John Brewis's sons became a popular Independent minister (of him more presently); one of William's children was George Brewis, attorney, pioneer of building societies in Newcastle, and temperance reformer.

George Brewis was born about the year 1814, in Percy Street, and was educated by Mr. John Weir, a well-known schoolmaster of the period. As a boy he entered the office of Mr. John Clayton, town clerk, where he continued eleven years, and thence transferred his services to Mr. George Tallentire Gibson, to whom he was articled with a view of entering the profession of the law. About 1845, he was placed on the rolls as an attorney and solicitor, and at once commenced a practice as the legal adviser of building societies, the foundation of which, with much foresight, he had laid during his clerkship.

Incentives to thrift in the form of building societies, and incitements to sobriety in the shape of total abstinence pledges, came in together. Joseph Livesey, the founder of teetotalism, visited Newcastle in the autumn of 1835. George Brewis signed the pledge on the 22nd June, 1836, and immediately thereafter became an active propagandist of temperance principles. When the first report of the "Newcastle Teetotal Society" came out, its roll of officers was filled with these well-known names:—President, Jonathan Priestman; secretaries, Jas. Rew-

castle (corresponding), Geo. Hornsby (minute), John Benson (registering), and Geo. Brewis (discipline).

Following the bent of his own inclination as well as the traditions of his fore-elders, Mr. Brewis was an earnest Nonconformist. As a youth he taught in the Sunday School of High Bridge Chapel; in manhood he became a member of the Congregational Church assembling in St. James's Chapel, at the head of Grey Street. In politics he was an advanced Liberal, and gave energetic



support to Mr. J. F. B. Blackett, Mr. Peter Carstairs, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Cowen, in their respective candidatures for the representation of Newcastle. With municipal matters he did not actively intermeddle till late in life, and then, having been a Poor Law Guardian for a time, he fought for a seat in the Council, and was unsuccessful.

Mr. Brewis died suddenly in his office, Royal Arcade, on the 3rd December, 1867, and a few days later was interred in Elswick Cemetery with the solemnities of a public funeral.

The Rev. William Brewis.

INDEPENDENT MINISTER.

William Brewis, eldest son of the before-named John Brewis, was born in Newcastle on the 8th of October, 1804. Trained to the religious life by his father at High Bridge Chapel, and manifesting early inclinations for the work of the ministry, he was sent to Rotherham Independent College, in September, 1820, on the eve of his 17th

year. After passing through the usual curriculum, he was called to the pastorate of the church at Lane End in Staffordshire, and on the 26th of April, 1825, received the rite of ordination. His next appointment was at Kirby Moorside; thence he removed to Gainsborough; and in 1837 he became minister of the Congregational Church at Penrith, where he remained until called to his reward, thirty-two years later.

The congregation at Penrith was small in number and in influence when Mr. Brewis entered upon his ministry there, but his preaching attracted hearers, and in no long time he built up a strong and flourishing cause. Such was his success that, after a few years' labour, a new building, in which his Penrith followers might worship with convenience and comfort, became desirable. But, although his hearers were numerous, their resources were slender. It was not until 1865 that they felt justified in commencing to build a place that should be worthy of them and their position. When, however, they did begin, they built for posterity. Completed in July, 1866, at a cost of £3,500, the handsome new edifice became a centre of renewed life and activity, sixty members were added in one year, and the various organisations which have their origin and find their home in a prosperous religious community, grew and flourished under the roof of Penrith Congregational Church.

For three years only was Mr. Brewis permitted to see the fruition of his labours. The end came somewhat suddenly. In the morning of Saturday, May 22, 1869, after family worship, he complained of sickness, and in the afternoon, sinking from his chair, in a kneeling posture he passed away. On the Wednesday, while his old friend Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., and ministers from all parts of the Northern Counties gathered round, his remains were buried in the private cemetery of the congregation. A sermon from the text, "The Lord God is a Sun," which he had prepared the day before his death for the ensuing morning service, was read the following Sunday in a dozen neighbouring chapels, and, being afterwards printed, had a wide circulation.

John Trotter Brockett,

AUTHOR OF THE "GLOSSARY."

During the fifty years which preceded the general adoption of steam locomotion, when methods of intercommunication and opportunities for interchange of thought and opinion between provincial communities were limited, Newcastle was the home of gifted men, whose acquirements in literature and science, in antiquities and art, gave the town a definite position among trans-metropolitan centres of intellectual activity. Excellent are their names—Adamson and Atkinson, Bewick and Buddle, Burdon and Brockett, Dobson and Double-day, Hodgson, Loah, and Mitchell, Mackenzie, Richardson, and Turner, Williamson, Wilson, and Winch. Ad-

mirable were their enterprises—the Literary and Philosophical Society, Society of Antiquaries, Typographical Society, Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, Botanical and Horticultural Society, Mechanics' Institute, and Natural History Society. "True men were they in their time"—these pioneers and promoters of culture in Newcastle. "They rest from their labours"; but their works, for the most part, survive, and bear testimony, generation after generation, to their wisdom and foresight, to their energy and devotion.

Among these leaders of thought in Newcastle, John Trotter Brockett was a prominent figure. Born in 1788,



JOHN TROTTER BROCKETT.

his early surroundings had been in the highest degree favourable to the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of literary taste. The Rev. William Turner—Unitarian divine, scientific lecturer, and director-general of intellectual progress on both sides the Tyne—superintended his education; his father (claiming on the mother's side descent from the Nonconformist family of Angus) was Deputy-Prothonotary in the local Courts of Record, and supervised his studies in mathematics and jurisprudence. His own diligence, aiding the sound training of teacher and parent, enabled him, at the proper age, to enter with confidence upon the profession of the law. Having completed articles with Messrs. Clayton and Brumell, the leading solicitors in the town, he became managing clerk to Mr. Armorer Donkin, in due time was admitted an attorney, married a daughter of John Bell, merchant, and settled down to a lucrative practice.

Mr. Brockett commenced at an early period of life to write, to edit, and to publish. In 1817, his name appears as the editor of a new issue of Bartlett's "Episcopal Coins

of Durham and the Monastic Coins of Reading, Minted during the Reigns of Edwards I., II., and III." He at the same time reprinted two rare tracts—one of 1627, "A Short View of the Long Life and Reigne of Henry the Third"; the other, dated 1650, being "An Exact Narration of the Life and Death of the Reverend and Learned Prelate and Painful Divine, Launcelot Andrewes, late Bishop of Winchester." The excellence of the typography displayed in these reprints by the printer (Mrs. Hodgson) induced him to suggest the formation of a society for the re-issuing of scarce tracts, and the preservation of local compositions, in the best style of printing that the town could produce. He was busy at this time with a learned treatise upon a question that was occupying the attention of local politicians, and the following year it was issued, with the long-drawn title of "An Enquiry into the Question whether the Freeholders of the Town and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne are entitled to vote for members of Parliament for the County of Northumberland"—an inquiry, by the way, that was answered by the Reform Bill. As soon as this, his first bit of independent authorship, was out of hand, Mr. Brockett resumed his reprint proposals. A pamphlet on "Hints on the Propriety of Establishing a Typographical Society in Newcastle," which he published in the same year as the "Enquiry," led to the formation of a literary organisation based upon his suggestions. The Newcastle Typographical Society sprang into being at once, and, although its aims were limited and some of the members were not very careful about the utility of the productions which they put forth, a collection of their tracts—about 80 in number—is not without historical value. The society printed for private distribution as a rule, and in very limited numbers. Of some of their publications only twenty copies were issued; of a few as many as 300 were struck off, and these were generally offered for sale, but for the most part the number printed was a hundred. On various issues were engraved the special devices of the issuing members, being generally cuts by Bewick, representing a ruin with armorial bearings. Mr. Brockett's vignette, which appears upon a dozen of the tracts, was one of the most striking, as his pamphlets were, from a historical point of view, among the most valuable of the series.

In 1825, appeared the first edition of his far-famed "Glossary of North-Country Words"; it was followed in 1829 by another and much more comprehensive book under the same title; and after Mr. Brockett's death, his son, aided by local men of letters, brought out the work in the two-volume form that is now most commonly met with. A "Glossographia Anglicana," from MSS. which Mr. Brockett had prepared for publication, was privately printed a few years ago in "The Sette of Odd Volumes," with a biographical sketch by Frederick Bloomer.

From the title of the first book to which Mr. Brockett put his name it may be inferred that he was interested in the collection of coins and medals. To a knowledge of numismatics, which was at once deep and wide, he added a passion for gathering together not only the shining discs which attract men to that special cult, but curios of all kinds, and especially rare editions of rare books. Mr. Fenwick tells us that his collection of the former at a ten days' sale in London, in 1823, realised £1,760; and his library of scarce and curious



books, which occupied fourteen days in the selling, brought £4,250. No sooner had he disposed of these treasures than he began to accumulate afresh. Dr. Dibdin, the famous antiquary, passing through Newcastle in 1837, was entertained by the *literati* of the town, and in the charming book which he afterwards published, "A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in the Northern Counties of England and in Scotland," describes his intercourse with Mr. Brockett in terms of mingled humour and appreciation:—

More than once was the hospitable table of my friend, John Trotter Brockett, Esq., spread to receive me. He lives comparatively in a nut-shell: but what a *kernel*! Pictures, books, curiosities, medals, coins of precious value, bespeak his discriminating eye and his liberal heart. You may revel here from sunrise to sunset, and fancy the domains interminable. Do not suppose that a stated room, or rooms, are only appropriated to his BOOKS: they are "upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber." They spread all over the house—tendrils of pliant curve and perennial verdure. For its size, if I except those of one or two *Bannatyners*, I am not sure whether this be not about the choicest collection of books which I saw on my tour.

From an early period of his life Mr. Brockett was a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, and for some years preceding his death he undertook the responsible duties of one of its secretaries. He assisted at the formation of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and became an active member of its Council. The Newcastle and Gateshead Law Society found in him

one of its warmest supporters, and awarded him, in 1832, its special thanks for services he had rendered to the profession before a Parliamentary Committee. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London; the well-known initials of that institution formed the only affix that he consented to couple with his name. In domestic life, he was a pattern of all that was amiable. His family participated with him in his favourite studies and pursuits, and his home was the abode of peace and happiness. Some years previously to his death he lost his eldest son. He sustained the shock with surprising fortitude; but it may have been the remote cause of his death, which occurred at his house in Albion Street on the 12th of October, 1842, in the 54th year of his age.

The Sunderland Babbies.

BABBIES was the popular name given to two life-sized leaden figures which for many years formed the chief attraction and landmark in Broad Street (now Roker Avenue), at the junction of Fulwell Lane and Church Street, Monk-



wearmouth. The house with the garden pillars thus ornamented was once a very pleasant residence, remarkable for having a clock and bells, and was occupied

in its later days by "Gentleman John," a soubriquet which clung to Mr. John Smith, shipowner, all through his successful career from a blacksmith to a capitalist. But previous to this it is said to have been the residence of the great-grandfather of the late Mr. George Cooper Abbes, of Cleadon Hall, who purchased the two figures which had been brought over from Germany (with ten more) by some speculative skipper, and set them up to adorn the entrance to his house. The other figures found their way into the hands of different gentlemen in the County Palatine, and most of them have probably long ere this been melted down for the sake of the lead. The duty on lead, in the shape of ore, was four pounds a ton a hundred years ago, whereas the Babbies, being "works of art," would be admitted either duty free or for a comparatively small charge.

Between sixty and seventy years ago, the Broad Street mansion (or, as some say, the house next to it)



was occupied by a Scotchman of the name of Rae who kept a genteel school in it, which was attended by the children of the principal Sunderland families—the Kennicotts, Robsons, &c. Mr. Rae's wife was the sister of a Miss Gilbert, the mother of the celebrated Lola Montez, whose real name was Eliza Gilbert. Eliza, whose father is said to have been an officer in the British army serving in India, was sent home from the East while yet a mere child, and boarded

with Mr. and Mrs. Rae, from whom she received the elements of a good substantial English education. She had for her schoolfellows many who, when she afterwards became world-famous, remembered her as a very interesting, clever, pretty girl.

A few years ago, the Babbies were presented to the Roker Park, where they may now be seen; but it is proposed to place them on the pillars at the entrance from Roker Promenade when the gateway shall have been completed. The style of dress denotes the figures to be of German or Dutch manufacture. The scythe which the man is represented in the act of sharpening, is the Flemish or Hainault scythe, with which a good workman could cut an acre of corn easily in a day, and which was introduced into this country by some enterprising farmers about fifty years ago, to take the place of the Irish scythe-hook, which had itself supplanted the old toothed hook or sickle, all to be rendered obsolete in their turn by the reaping machine.

The Wreck of the Stanley.

THE wreck of the Stanley at the mouth of the Tyne took place on the 24th of November, 1864. During the early part of that day, a strong breeze blew from the east-south-east. It was not, however, sufficiently violent off the mouth of the Tyne to account for the gradual rise of the waves as the day advanced. In the afternoon, the storm, of which the wind from the quarter indicated had been the herald,

gradually grew in violence until it became evident that there were serious grounds for apprehension as to the safety of vessels which were then in the offing. About half-past four o'clock an occurrence took place which, unfortunately, proved the precursor of further and more serious disasters. One of the Tyne Commissioners' hoppers, in tow of a steam-tug belonging to Mr. Lawson, of South Shields, was outside the bar, when the towline parted. The hopper was driven behind the North Pier, the two men who were on board of her being rescued by means of life-buoys by some of the pier men; while the tug was dashed upon the Herd Sands, whence her crew were saved by the South Shields lifeboat. The next vessel which ran on shore proved to be the passenger steamer Stanley.

This fine vessel was the property of the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company. She was an iron screw-steamer, and was built at West Hartlepool by Messrs. Pile, Spence, and Co. in 1859. Her register tonnage was 376, her actual burthen being 552 tons. She had sailed from Aberdeen on the previous night, bound for London, in charge of Captain Howling, having a crew of 29 hands, all told. The number of passengers at the time of sailing was 30, about half of whom were women. The vessel had also a full cargo on board, and on her deck were about 48 cattle and 30 sheep. She proceeded on her voyage with every prospect of reaching her desired haven in safety, until off the Northumberland coast, where she first began to experience the effects of the storm. Finding the sea so turbulent in-shore, the Stanley stood out seaward in the expectation of finding smoother water, but discovered that she was only run-



ning into the full force of the gale. In this terrible plight, the captain determined to steam for the Tyne, the mouth of which was reached about a quarter to five o'clock. The master had only once during his nautical career been in the Tyne, and that was about twenty years previously. Under these circumstances, he naturally felt considerable hesitation in taking the bar, more especially as the tidal lights were not then burning. He fired a couple of rockets for a pilot, but none came off. A tug-steamer did, indeed, leave the harbour, but she never approached near to the Stanley. The mate, however, who had frequently sailed to and from the Tyne, expressed his readiness to steer the vessel into port. The captain yielded to his representations, and the head of the steamer was turned towards the bar. This was safely crossed. But the ship had got no further than just off the Spanish Battery, when, with a dreadful shock, she struck upon the rocks known as the Black Middens.

As soon as the peril of the Stanley was seen from the shore, a number of the coastguardsmen set about getting the rocket apparatus ready for firing. The Tynemouth lifeboat, the *Constance*, was promptly manned, while the North Shields lifeboats, the *Northumberland* and *Providence*, with the South Shields lifeboats, *William Wake*, *Tyne*, and *Fly*, were also got out and pulled down the harbour into the Narrows. Intelligence of the catastrophe spread with lightning-like rapidity, and the consternation and excitement of the inhabitants in the sister towns at the mouth of the Tyne were intense. The night was pitch dark, and from the elevated headland overlooking the harbour the sea could be made out only by a broad band of white foam; but a couple of hundred yards from the shore could be dimly discerned through the gloom some dark object indicating the position of the ill-fated vessel. The roar of the waves, too, was deafening; but in the lulls of the storm the despairing wail of the poor creatures exposed to the pitiless waves was heard with painful and agonizing distinctness. As the tide fell, the rocket apparatus was carried over the rocks, and preparations were made to establish means of communication with those on board.

Before the disaster, the Stanley had been provided with four lifeboats; but, after striking upon the rocks, three of these were speedily smashed to pieces. An attempt was made to launch the remaining lifeboat; and for this purpose four of the crew got into her, taking with them four female passengers. While the boat, however, was being lowered from the davits, a heavy sea caused her to turn round and sink. Three of the seamen were rescued by those on board, but the four ladies and the fourth seaman were, in a moment, swept beyond the reach of aid.

After firing one or two abortive rockets, the coastguard at last succeeded in establishing communication with the Stanley. The line carried by the rocket was soon the

means of carrying a stout warp between the vessel and the shore; and upon this warp the cradle was slung. The first man to venture into the cradle was an ordinary seaman, named Andrew Campbell, who was safely conveyed to the shore amid the cheers of the bystanders. A second seaman and a woman next got into the cradle, but, unhappily, they fell or were thrown out, and were drowned. The second mate, James Knipp, then took his place in the cradle, and was safely drawn through the raging waters to the shore. Owing to an unfortunate error of judgment on the part of some one, the hawser was secured in such a manner that it was no higher than the rail of the ship, the consequence being that those on shore could not get it clear of the water. The result of the mistake was soon painfully palpable. When a seaman named Buchan had been drawn about midway between the vessel and the shore, the bight of the warp was borne by his weight against the rocks, amongst which the whip-line of the cradle became entangled, and the cradle itself was brought to a standstill. Inspired by the strength born of despair, the determined fellow managed to haul himself hand-over-hand to the shore by the warp. The warp and cradle being, by this untoward accident, rendered useless, an end was put for the time being to any further efforts in that direction; and the unfortunate passengers and crew still on board were left to their fate until the full tide of the morning should afford an opportunity for the resumption of measures for their rescue.

The captain and his mate appear to have done everything in their power towards saving the passengers from being swept away. Two women—the only two who were afterwards saved—were induced to place themselves in the foretop, where they were securely lashed; and three or four more were bound to the shrouds beneath. The bulk of the female passengers, however, were too much affrighted and prostrated by the fearful experiences through which they were passing to venture from the deck.

About half-past nine o'clock, the steamer was struck by a tremendous sea. The hull yielded to the irresistible blow, and parted abaft the mainmast. The force of the waves swung the fore part and larger portion of the vessel completely round until it was left in a position with the bow breasting the waves. At this time the whole of those on board were on the larger portion of the vessel. The second-class cabin was on the deck, and the top of it formed what was known as the bridge or "look-out." Affording as it did a place of refuge from the breakers which poured incessantly upon the doomed vessel, it became crowded by female passengers and a portion of the crew. All were tightly lashed to the rails by which the sides were guarded. But a terrific breaker swept the entire structure, with its shrieking occupants, into the sea, where they all perished.

The survivors in other parts of the vessel had taken refuge in the fore and main rigging, whence several of them were washed into the sea. The same fate befel two of the women who had been lashed to the shrouds, while another, unable to bear up against the exposure and hardships of that terrible trial, expired from exhaustion.

About five o'clock next morning the sea had sufficiently fallen to permit a resumption of the exertions to save the survivors. Three rockets were fired before a communication with the vessel was established. This time those on board made the warp fast to the mast-head, by which means it was kept out of the angry surf, and the incline materially facilitated the working of the cradle. Soon all was ready for recommencing the work of rescue, and in a few minutes afterwards the whole of the survivors were brought safely to land.

There were lost, in all, about twenty-six lives; and with the other disasters which occurred at the harbour's mouth during that memorable night, the catalogue of mortality was swollen to between thirty and forty.

There has since been no such lamentable experience in the history of Tyne navigation, the great improvements effected by the enterprise of the River Commissioners having largely contributed to the greater immunity from fatal disaster which is now enjoyed, while the brave members of the Tynemouth Volunteer Life Brigade, which owes its origin to the wreck of the Stanley, are ever ready to render assistance when necessity arises.

The sketch of the wreck which accompanies this article is taken from a painting by Mr. J. W. Swift, a local artist of the time.

The Hedley Kow.

THE whole surface of the globe, so far as it has been inhabited and explored by man, is supposed to have been infested more or less in former times, if not still, by supernatural beings of one sort or another. Some of these sprites have been held to be beneficent, others malignant, others again only mischievous or tricky. Some seem to have been thought ubiquitous, if not omnipresent, or at least able to appear, or capable of being called up, at any time or place; while others are local goblins, frequenting particular spots, and never wandering beyond certain narrow limits. The counties of Durham and Northumberland are popularly believed to have abounded as much as any known region with these creatures of the imagination, which have not even yet been all forced to flee away by the spread of secular knowledge. The Brownie and Dowie, the Brown Man of the Moors, Redcap, Dunnie, Hob Headless, Silky, the Cauld

Lad of Hilton, the Picktree Brag, are all local sprites of more or less celebrity, haunting particular spots, and varied in characteristics. The Hedley Kow is not one of the least famous of the number.

According to all accounts, this Kow was a "bogie," mischievous rather than malignant, which haunted the village of Hedley, near Ebchester. Some uncertainty prevails as to the precise locality here indicated; for there are at least four Hedleys within a short distance of the old Roman station on the Derwent, viz., Hedley, near Mickley, in the parish of Whittington; Black Hedley, near Eddy's Bridge—both in Northumberland; Hedley, or Hedley Hall, on the skirts of Blackburn Fell, formerly a great waste, in the parish of Lamesley; and Hedley Hope, near Cornsaw, in the parish of Lanchester—the two last in the county of Durham. Whichever of these four neighbourhoods was that haunted by the Kow, it is perhaps impossible now to tell. Neither, in fact, does it matter very much, as the localities are only a few miles from each other, with only the river Derwent intervening. One thing all are agreed on, the Kow did nobody any serious injury, but merely took delight in frightening people.

To whomsoever he appeared, he usually ended his frolics with a hoarse laugh at their fear or astonishment, after he had played them some sorry trick. To an old woman, for instance, gathering sticks, like Goody Blake, by the hedge side, if not actually out of the hedge, he would sometimes appear as a "fad" or truss of straw, lying on the road. If, as was natural, the dame was tempted to take possession of this "fad," her load in carrying it home would become so heavy that she would be obliged to lay it down. The straw would then appear as if "quick," the truss would rise upright like the patriarch Joseph's sheaf, and away it would shuffle before her along the road, swinging first to one side and then to another. Every now and then it would set up a laugh, or give a shout, in the manner of a rustic dancer when he kicks his heels and snaps his fingers at the turn of the tune; and at last, with a sound like a rushing wind, it would wholly vanish from her sight.

Two men belonging to Newlands, on the left bank of the Derwent, opposite Ebchester—a place now rendered famous in connection with the mysterious person who claimed to be Countess of Derwentwater—went out one night about the beginning of the present century to meet their sweethearts. On arriving at the appointed place, they saw, as they supposed, the two girls walking at a short distance before them. The girls continued to walk onwards for two or three miles, and the young men to follow without being able to overtake them. They quickened their pace, but still the girls kept before them; and at length, when the pair found themselves up to their knees in a mire, the girls suddenly disappeared with a most unfeminine ha, ha, ha! The young men now per-

ceived that they had been beguiled by the Hedley Kow. After getting clear of the bog, they ran homeward as fast as their legs could carry them, while the boggle followed close at their heels, hooting and laughing. In crossing the Derwent, between Ebchester and Hamsterley Hall, the one who took the lead fell down in the water, and his companion, who was not far behind, tumbled over him. In their panic, each mistook the other for the Kow, and loud were their cries of terror as they rolled over each other in the stream. They, however, managed to get out separately, and, on reaching home, each told a painful tale of having been chased by the Hedley Kow.

A farmer of the name of Forster, who lived near Hedley, went out into the field very early one morning, as he intended driving into Newcastle, so as to be there as soon as the shops were opened. In the dim twilight, he caught, as he believed, his own grey horse, and harnessed it with his own hands. But, after yoking the beast to the cart and getting upon the shaft to drive away, the horse (which was not a horse at all, but the Kow) slipped away from the limmera, setting up a great "nicker" as he flung up his heels and scoured away "like mad" out of the farmyard.

The Kow was a perfect plague to the servant girls at farm houses all round the Fell. Sometimes he would call them out of their beds by imitating their lovers at the window. At other times, during their absence, he would overturn the kail pot, open the milk house door and invite the cat to lap the cream, let down "steeks" in the stockings they had been knitting, or put their spinning-wheel out of order. Many a time, taking the shape of a favourite cow, he would lead the milkmaid a long chase round the field before he would allow himself to be caught; and, after kicking and "rowting" during the whole milking time, "as if the de'il was in Hawkie," he would at last upset the pail, slip clear of the tie, give a loud bellow, and bolt off tail on end, thus letting the girl know she had been the sport of the Kow. This trick of his was so common that he seems to have got his name from it.

It is related that he very seldom visited the house of mourning—a clear evidence that, demon though he was, he was not quite destitute of sympathetic feeling. But on the occasion of a birth he was rarely absent, either to the eye or to the ear. Indeed, his appearance at those times was so common as scarcely to cause any alarm. The man who rode for the midwife was, however, often sadly teased by him. He would appear, for instance, to the horse, in a lonely place, and make him take the "reist," or stand stock-still. Neither whip nor spur would then force the animal past, though the rider saw nothing. It frequently happened that the messenger was allowed to make his way without let or hindrance to the house where the "howdie" lived, to get her safely mounted behind him on a well-girt pillion, and to return homewards so far with her unmolested. But as they were crossing some

stank, or fording some stream, the Kow would come up and begin to play his cantrips, causing the horse to kick and plunge in such a way as to dismount his double load of messenger and midwife. Sometimes when the farmer's wife, impatient for the arrival of the howdie, was groaning in great pain, the Kow would come close to the door or window and begin to mock her. The farmer would rush out with a stick to drive the vile creature away, when the weapon would be clicked out of his hand before he was aware, and lustily applied to his own shoulders. At other times, after chasing the boggle round the farmyard, he would tumble over one of his own calves, and the Kow would be off before he could regain his feet.

One of the most ridiculous tales connected with this mischievous sprite is thus told by Stephen Oliver in his "Rambles in Northumberland":—"A farmer, riding homeward late one night, observed as he approached a lonely part of the road where the Kow used to play many of his tricks, a person also on horseback a short distance before him. Wishing to have company in a part of the road where he did not like to be alone at night, he quickened the pace of his horse. The person whom he wished to overtake, hearing the tramp of the horse rapidly advancing, and fearing that he was followed by some one with an evil intention, put spurs to his steed and set off at a gallop, an example which was immediately followed by the horseman behind. At this rate they continued whipping and spurring, as if they rode for life or death, for nearly two miles, the man who was behind calling out with all his might, 'Stop! stop!' The person who fled, finding that his pursuer was gaining upon him, and hearing a continued cry, the words of which he could not make out, began to think he was pursued by something unearthly, as no one who had a design to rob him would be likely to make such a noise. Determined no longer to fly from his pursuer, he pulled up his horse, and adjured the supposed evil spirit: 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, who art thou?' Instead of an evil spirit, a terrified neighbour at once answered the question and repeated it, 'Aa's Jemmy Brown, o' the High Fields. Whe's thoo?'"

Mr. William Henderson, in his "Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders," institutes a comparison between the Hedley Kow and Ben Jonson's Robin Goodfellow, the Irish Phooka, the Scotch Water Kelpie, the Icelandic Grey Nykkur-Horse, the Flemish Kludde, the Yorkshire Padfoot, and other famous goblins, all of which were believed to take a variety of shapes, appearing sometimes like an ox, sometimes like a black dog, occasionally like an ass, and at other times like a sow, a horse, a white cat, a rabbit, a headless man, or a headless lady.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Grey Street.

GREY STREET is generally regarded as a noble monument to the genius of Richard Grainger. To trace its origin we must go back in thought to the spring of 1834, for then it was that Mr. Grainger entered into arrangements with the representatives of Major Anderson for the purchase of the celebrated Anderson Place, at a cost of £50,000. Other property, including the old theatre in Mosley Street, probably cost him about £45,000 more. Having made this costly venture, his next step was to lay his plans for projected new streets before the Town Council; and this was done on March 27th of the above-named year. He desired to remove the Butcher and Vegetable Markets, then comparatively new, and to build on the site a magnificent thoroughfare which should connect Blackett Street with Dean Street. Many were the difficulties he had to encounter. The owners of the threatened property, and other persons who had invested their money in the neighbourhood, sang out lustily against any change being made. Grainger was not disposed to yield to this clamour if he could possibly help it. Accordingly, he exhibited his plans in the Arcade on the 29th of May. They were eagerly inspected by the public, and obtained such general approval that about five thousand signatures were appended to a memorial in their favour. A counter-petition only obtained some three hundred signatures. Expressions of approval were also obtained from a parish meeting in St. Andrew's, the Chamber of Commerce, and other bodies. The Council met on the 12th of June to consider the whole question, when, by twenty-four votes against seven, it was resolved to trest with Grainger. On the following 15th of July, sanction was formally given to the plans. Great were the rejoicings when the news was made known. The parish churches rang out merry peals; Mr. Grainger's workmen were regaled in the Nun's Field; in fact, the town was *en fête*.

Then Grainger set to work with all his characteristic energy. He began to lay out his new streets on the 30th of July. The levelling of the ground was a most expensive undertaking. Nearly five millions of cubic feet of earth had to be carted away, at a cost of upwards of £20,000. In the course of the excavations, portions of an ancient crucifix and a gilt spur were found, as well as a quantity of human remains, on the supposed site of the burial ground of St. Bartholomew's Nunnery. The work was not without its perils. On the 11th of June, 1835, for instance, about three o'clock in the afternoon, three houses on the south-west side of Market Street suddenly fell with a tremendous crash whilst in course of erection. The buildings had nearly reached their intended height.

At least a hundred men were at work upon and immediately around them, several of whom were precipitated to the ground with the falling materials, and were buried in the ruins. Many more had almost miraculous escapes from a similar fate. As soon as the alarm had subsided, the other workmen, upwards of seven hundred in number, devoted themselves to the relief and rescue of the sufferers. Of those disinterred, one, the foreman of the masons, died in a few hours; four were dead when found; fifteen were got out alive, but greatly injured, and two of them died, making seven in all. Grainger himself had a narrow escape. He had inspected the houses but a few minutes before; when they fell, he was standing upon the scaffolding of the adjacent house.

Let us see if we can realise something of the general appearance of this locality before Grainger converted it into a palatial thoroughfare. The higher part of what is now Grey Street was a place of solitude and retirement. Waste ground surrounded Anderson Place. One of our local poets has recalled the time when Novocastrians could

Walk up the lane, and ope the Major's gate,
Pass the stone cross, and to the Dene we come,
Then, halting by the well where angels wait
To bathe the limbs of those in palsied state,
(So saith the legend), gaze in musing mood
On the time-honoured trees where small birds mate,
Unlike the nuns, build nests and nurse their brood,
And prove that Nature's laws are tender, wise, and good.

Outside the Major's boundary there was plenty of life, and plenty of noise, especially on Saturday nights. Itinerent vendors indulged in their quaint cries. Women and children (mostly the latter) sang—

Silk shoe ties, a penny a pair;
Buy them, and try them, and see how they wear.

Others made known their vocation by the cry:—"Good tar-barrel matches, three bunches a penny." The air resounded with the invitation:—"Nice trips or mince to-night, hinnies; gud fat puddings, hinnies, smoking het," concerning which savoury viands the lines recur to the veteran's memory:—

And now for black puddings, long measure,
They go to Tib Trollibags' stand;
And away bear the glossy rich treasure,
With joy, like curl'd bugles in hand.

The side adjoining Pilgrim Street was devoted to the sale of poultry and eggs; that opposite, and therefore nearer the Cloth Market, to the stalls of the greengrocers. The intervening space was given up to the butchers, whose shops ran in rows from north to south. These shops had stone fronts, with tiled roofs, and an overhanging canopy in front.

Such, then, was the general character of this part of the good old town in the past. We may turn now to its features in the present. Let us start from Blackett Street, and walk quietly down to Dean Street. At once our attention is arrested by the noble column usually known as the Grey Monument. On October 6th, 1834, a public meeting was convened to consider the propriety of com-

memorating, by the erection of a statue, the services rendered to the cause of Parliamentary Reform by the then Earl Grey. William Ord, Esq., presided, and the idea was unanimously approved. A sum of £500 was subscribed in the room. On February 13th, 1836, a model of a Roman Doric column by John Green was adopted, to cost £1,600; and it was resolved to commission E. H. Baily to provide a suitable statue of the earl, at a further cost of £700. The construction of the column was entrusted to Joseph Welch, builder of the Quasburn Viaduct, and Bellingham Bridge across North Tyne. The foundation stone was laid by Messrs. J. and B. Green, architects, on September 6th, 1837, and the column was finished on August 11th, 1838. Baily's statue was placed on the summit thirteen days later.

The monument is 133 feet high, and contains 164 steps in the interior. A glass bottle, containing coins and a parchment scroll, was deposited in the foundation stone. The scroll records:—"The foundation stone of this column, erected by public subscription in commemoration of the transcendent services rendered to his country by the Right Hon. Charles Earl Grey, Viscount Howick, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Baronet, was laid on the sixth day of September, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, by John Green and Benjamin Green, Esqrs., Architects. Building Committee:—The Rev. John Saville Ogle, of Kirkley, in the county of Northumberland, Clerk, A.M., Prebendary of Durham; Edward Swinburne, of Capheaton, Esq.; Thomas Emerson Headlam, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Esq., M.D.; John Grey, of Dilston, Esq.; Thomas Richard Batson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Alderman; Armorer Donkin, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Alderman; Ralph Park Philipson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Town Councillor; John Fenwick, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq.; James Hodgson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Alderman; Emerson Charnley, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Town Councillor."

On the exterior of the column is cut the following inscription:—"This Column was erected in 1838, to commemorate the services rendered to his country by Charles Earl Grey, K.G., who, during an active political career of nearly half-a-century, was the constant advocate of peace and the fearless and consistent champion of civil and religious liberty. He first directed his efforts to the amendment of the representation of the people in 1792, and was the Minister by whose advice, and under whose guidance, the great measure of Parliamentary Reform was, after an arduous and protracted struggle, safely and triumphantly achieved in the year 1832."

Near the Monument is the Victoria Room, formerly used as a music-hall. In its early days, political meetings were occasionally held here, whereat Thomas Doubleday, John Fife, and Charles Larkin were usually the chief speakers. Later on, an effort was made to popularise cheap Saturday and Monday evening concerts in this

room. Amongst others who took part in them were Mr. William Gourlay, the talented Scotch comedian, who sang comic songs here when the theatre, a little lower down Grey Street, was not open; Mr. Fourness Rolfe, also of the same theatre; the sisters Blake; and Miss Goddard, afterwards Mrs. Gourlay.

At the corner of the little lane just a step or so further down Grey Street, the *Newcastle Journal* had its printing and publishing offices at one time. Mr. John Hernaman was the editor of this paper for some years, and got into several scrapes owing to the violence with which he attacked his political opponents. On one occasion he fell foul of Mr. Larkin, who, in return, made mincemeat of him (metaphorically) in a scathing pamphlet, entitled, "A Letter to Fustigated John"—the word "fustigated" being an old synonym for "whipped." It was, in fact, Mr. Hernaman's unpleasant experience to have to endure corporal chastisement more than once in the course of his journalistic career. One of his whippings occurred at the Barras Bridge. In another case, several Sunderland men came over to Newcastle to avenge themselves for what they considered an unfair criticism on certain of their transactions. They suddenly burst in upon the editorial presence, and asked Hernaman for the name of the writer of the objectionable article. The latter declined to furnish them with any information on the subject. On this refusal, he was attacked with walking-sticks and horsewhips. The case came up in due time at the Sessions, where the defendants were "strongly recommended to mercy on account of the very great provocation they had received." They were each called upon to pay a fine of £50. Fortunately, the days of such journalistic amenities in Newcastle may be safely enough regarded as over now for good.

Across the way is the Central Exchange Hotel, with its handsome dining-room, its rooms for commercial travellers, &c.; and on our left hand there is another of a similar character, also devoted to commercial men and their customers, named the Royal Exchange. The latter is at the corner of Hood Street, so called after an alderman of that name. In this street is the Central Hall, used for Saturday evening concerts, teetotal gatherings, and revival meetings. It was originally a Methodist New Connexion chapel, in which Joseph Barker used at one period of his career to hold forth to large congregations.

Passing Hood Street and Market Street, we come to the Theatre Royal, the successor of the establishment in Mosley Street. The portico of the Theatre Royal is a striking feature of the street, though unfortunately it remains incomplete to this day. The design is taken from the Pantheon at Rome. Six noble Corinthian columns, with richly executed capitals, support the pediment, in the tympanum of which is a sculpture of the royal arms, the work of a Newcastle artist who died all too soon for the ripening of his fame. This work of his has often won the approval of critics in such matters. It

is here that the Theatre Royal front has been suffered to remain unfinished, for it was originally intended to place a statue of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse (after Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous portrayal of that great actress), on the top of the pediment. The building was opened in 1837, under the management of Mr. Penley, with an address from the pen of Thomas Doubleday, the "Merchant of Venice," and an ephemeral afterpiece. The house has remained a popular home of the drama ever since. Most of the great players of their day have fretted and strutted their little hour on this stage; and some of them laid the foundation of their future fame and fortune here. Macready (who first appeared in the old theatre at the foot of the street, of which his father was manager for about twelve years) was always a Newcastle favourite, alike in his youth and in his prime. He says himself of his first appearance here: "I was warmly received, and the partiality with which my early essays were encouraged seemed to increase in fervour to the very last night, when I made my farewell bow to a later generation." The great tragedian appeared on March 15th, 1850, as Cardinal Wolsey (in "Henry VIII.") and as Lord Townley (in the "Provoked Husband," by Vanbrugh and Cibber). After playing these parts, Macready delivered his farewell address to his Newcastle friends. In the course of it he said: "When I retrace the years that have made me old in acquaintance and familiar here, and recount to myself the many unforbidden evidences of kindly feeling towards me, which through these years have been without stint or check so lavishly afforded, I must be cold and insensible indeed if time could so have passed without leaving deep traces of its events upon my memory and my heart. From the summer of 1810, when, scarcely out of the years of boyhood, I was venturing here the early and the ruder essays of my art, I date the commencement of that favourable regard which has been continued to me through all my many engagements, without change or fluctuation, up to the present time."

Samuel Phelps and James Anderson, two of Macready's trusty lieutenants in his great Covent Garden enterprise, have frequently played here with acceptance. So has Charles Kean, who, by the way, was hissed in Hamlet on his first appearance in that character in Newcastle, and cut up by the newspapers afterwards. He went, much astonished, to the manager. "Good gracious, Mr. Ternan, they've hissed me; what on earth have I done?" "Well, Mr. Kean, you've cut out altogether the lines beginning," &c. "Good gracious!" rejoined the discomfited tragedian, "who could ever have thought they would know Shakespeare so well down here!" "Oh, yes, Mr. Kean," answered Ternan, quietly, "they know their Shakespeare here, I can assure you." Ternan was a very able Shaksperian actor himself.

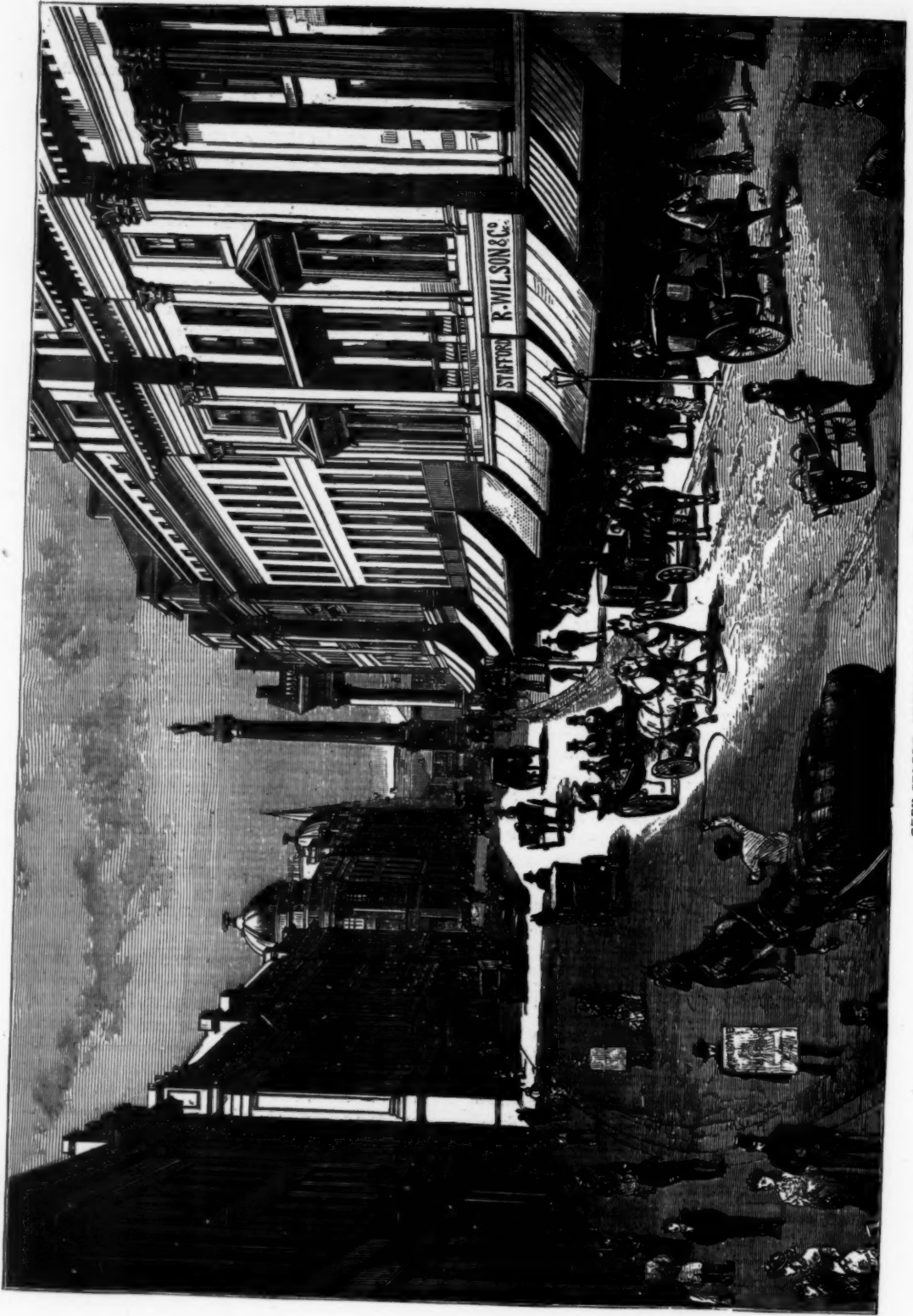
George Bennett and James Bennett were, among other popular tragedians, here in their younger days; and Barry Sullivan was always a warm favourite. Of comedians, Charles Mathews, Buckstone and his celebrated Haymarket company, Sothorn (Lord Dundreary), Toole, and others, have fulfilled successful engagements in the Theatre Royal. Salvini has acted on the Royal boards also, as have Madame Ristori and Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Of our own queens of the stage since 1837, nearly all have appeared here at one time or another; but it is such an invidious task to pick and choose amongst them, that we are fain to shrink from it altogether. It would be very unfair not to make mention of the many years of managerial toil given to this stage by the late Mr. E. D. Davis, for, by common consent of all qualified to judge, he was ever, as actor, as artist, and as manager, a gentleman. Since his retirement, this house has been under the direction of Messrs. W. H. Swanborough, Glover and Francis, Charles Bernard, and Howard and Wyndham, who are the present lessees. Be the day far distant when the Newcastle drama, with all its honourable records, shall, to use Lord Tennyson's words—

Flicker down to brainless pantomime,
And those gilt-gauds men-children swarm to see!

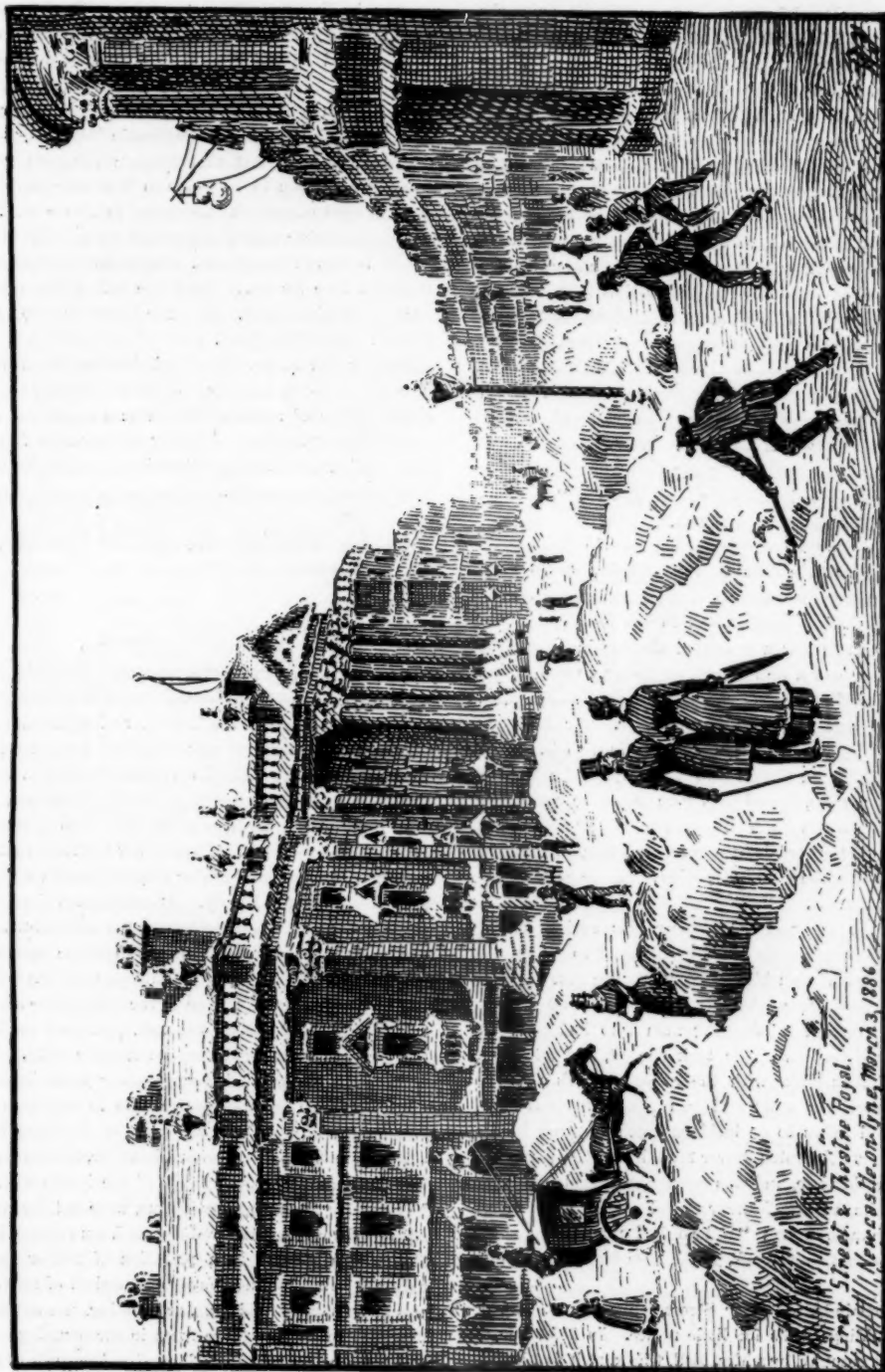
Probably this house held its largest receipts on Sept. 20, 1848, when Jenny Lind appeared in "La Sonnambula." The prices were:—Dress boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; upper boxes and pit, £1 1s.; gallery, 10s. 6d. The receipts amounted to upwards of £1,100. Sims Reeves and Madame Gassier, Grisi, and Mario, and all the great operatic stars have appeared here. Sims Reeves, indeed, came out on the Newcastle boards. Our sturdy fathers hissed him too. They stood no nonsense in those days, either from a Charles Kean or anybody else.

The Theatre, Grey Street, itself, and indeed all the streets and buildings in Newcastle, presented a strange appearance on the morning of March 3, 1886, owing to a great fall of snow on the previous day and night. Our artist's sketch of the scene will convey a better idea of it than any mere description.

Passing by Shakspeare Street, we find ourselves about to cross the High Bridge, which is another intersecting thoroughfare, running from Pilgrim Street to the Bigg Market. There is nothing specially remarkable about it, save that at least one somewhat remarkable man of his day has associated his name with it. James Murray, for so was he called, studied for the ministry, but he could not obtain ordination to any pastoral charge by reason of his peculiar views on church government. He came to Newcastle in 1764, and found friends who built him a chapel. And here he remained, preached, and laboured, until his death in 1782, in the fiftieth year of his age. The titles of some of his published discourses afford some indication as to his character. Amongst them are "Sermons to Asses," "New Sermons to Asses," "An



GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.



GREAT SNOW STORM, MARCH 3, 1886 : SCENE IN GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE.

old Fox Tarred and Feathered," and "News from the Pope to the Devil." On one occasion he gave the authorities a fright, and seems to have got frightened himself into the bargain. Thus runs the story. He announced his intention of preaching a sermon from the text, "He that hath not a sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Those responsible for the peace of the town, knowing their man, grew rather afraid when they heard of this ominous text. They sent some of the town's sergeants to form a portion of the congregation. All passed off quietly, as it happened; but then it occurred to Murray that he had better find out how he really stood in regard to the powers that were. Forthwith he went up to London, and called on Lord Mansfield, the then Chief-Justice. He obtained for his application the conventional reply: "Not at home." "Tell him," was the sturdy rejoinder, "that a Scotch parson, of the name of Murray, from Newcastle, wants to see him." He was admitted. What passed at the interview? We can only guess from the judge's last words, quoting a simile in the Book of Job: "You just get away by the skin o' your teeth."

In 1780—the year of the Gordon riots in London, so vividly depicted in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," the year when there was danger of a general attack on the Roman Catholics—Murray was to the fore again. In that year there was a contested election in Newcastle. Murray proposed a sort of test, or pledge, to each of the candidates—aimed, of course, at the religionists, with whom he had waged a life-long war. Sir Matthew White Ridley would have nothing to do with it. Even Andrew Robinson Bowes, who was never in the habit of sticking at trifles, vowed that "he would be blessed"—only that was not quite the exact word!—"if he gave anything of the sort." The third candidate, Sir Thomas Delaval, gave the required pledge; but he was unsuccessful at the poll.

We might add more concerning this curious cleric, but content ourselves with relating two anecdotes which reveal him on his better side. The first is, that, being on the highway leading to Newcastle on a rainy day, he overtook a labouring man who had no coat. He himself had two. He took one off, and put it on the wayfarer's back, with the remark: "It's a pity I should have two coats and you none; it's not fair." The second refers to an incident which occurred in his chapel here. A Scotch drover turned into the place one Sunday rather late, and was content to stand. Nobody offered him a seat. Murray waxed wroth. "Seat that man," thundered he; "if he'd had a powdered head, and a fine coat on his back, you'd have had twenty pews open!"

The remainder of Grey Street, though made up of noble buildings, calls for little notice. In 1838, one of them was occupied by a Mrs. Bell, who kept it as a boarding house. One of her boarders was Mr. James Wilkie,

who at the time held the office of house-surgeon and secretary to the Newcastle Dispensary. In a fit of temporary insanity this poor man threw himself out of an upstairs window, and injured himself so dreadfully that he died shortly afterwards. This victim of an o'erwrought brain had been connected with the institution for fifteen years. That he was held in general respect in Newcastle may be gathered from the fact that about a thousand persons followed his coffin to its grave in Westgate Hill Cemetery, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Amongst other establishments on the east side of Grey Street is that of the Messrs. Finney and Walker, whose premises were for many years the publishing office of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. Opposite is a noble pile, now the Branch Bank of England.

Nobody can take a thoughtful glance at the thoroughfare we have been traversing without admitting that it is a masterpiece of street architecture: a monument to the genius of the two men principally concerned in designing and erecting it—John Dobson and Richard Grainger.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

I.

THE ROMAN INVASION.

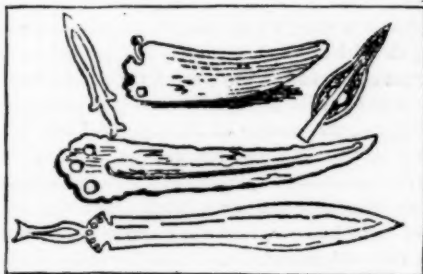


WHEN travelling through the picturesque stretch of country that lies between Tyne-dale and the Tweed, and noting its many indications of marvellous prosperity, it is difficult to realize that its verdant hills and smiling valleys were ever less peaceful than they now are. And yet, if the whole island was searched from Cornwall to Caithness, there could be found few districts that have undergone greater changes, or played a more conspicuous part in the national history. In pre-Roman times, much of the surface of Northumberland was covered with bogs and marshes, and much more with dense and almost impenetrable forests. Its inhabitants were the Ottadini—a fierce and warlike tribe of the Brigantes—who have left their hill forts, their weapons, and their tumuli, as the sole evidences of their constructive skill. When Cæsar's hordes invaded Britain, fifty years before the Christian era, they were never able to penetrate these Northern wilds. Their accounts of the people with whom they did come in contact, however, furnish material from which a very fair estimate of the local settlers can be formed. The men, they tell us, were tall, strong, and active; the women fair, well-featured, and finely-shaped. Both sexes gloried in a profusion of red or chestnut-coloured hair, and their favourite method of adornment was by a process of painting, or tattooing, not unlike that practised by many savage races in our own day. Their robes, too, when robed at all, consisted entirely of skins; their oft-moved huts were little better than nests of

boughs and reeds; and their time, when not engaged in fighting, was usually devoted to the exciting pleasures of the chase. Cattle were extensively reared as a means of subsistence; but, except along the coast lines, there was no effort made to till the land or to encourage the growth of corn or other grain.

ARMS AND DEFENCES OF THE BRITONS.

Such, in brief, is the picture which old chroniclers give of the appearance and habits of the Britons. It is abundantly sufficient for our purpose, as we desire to deal only with the warlike attributes of this primitive people, and to point out the methods by which they sought to check the advance of our earliest invaders. When the well-disciplined legions of Rome first secured a footing, they found the southern portion of the country very thickly populated. The natives were as courageous as they were fierce, and defended their woodland settlements by deep trenches and highly piled barricades of fallen timber. They were swift of foot, as well as expert swimmers, and these qualities—together with their skill in crossing fens and marshes—enabled them to pounce suddenly upon their adversaries, and as suddenly to disappear with the spoil. Their ordinary arms consisted of a small dagger and spear; but, in war times, these

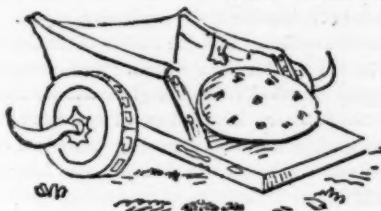


were augmented by a light shield, by long and heavily-bladed swords of bronze, and by javelins which they could throw with great accuracy and effect. These latter missiles were not lost by the act of propulsion, as they were attached to the wrist by leather thongs, and could be drawn back to the thrower as soon as their mark had been reached. At the lower end of this curious dart was a round, hollow ball, stocked with pieces of metal, and the noise caused by the flight of this alarming rattle—added to the exciting cries and antics of the gaily-stained warriors—has rendered many a well-meant attack of the Roman foe inoperative.

THE CHARIOT AND ITS USES.

But by far the most famous of British implements of war was the chariot. It was drawn by a couple of small, wiry, and perfectly trained horses, and afforded space for two or three fighting men, as well as for a driver. The body of the vehicle was a combination of strength and lightness, and at the extremity of its stout axles were fixed scythes or hooks for slashing and tearing whatever

came in their way. They could be driven at immense speed, even over the roughest country, and were usually of most use at the commencement of a battle. While dashing madly about the flanks of an opposing force, their occupants would throw their terrible darts with great adroitness, and the very dread of this onslaught not unfrequently broke the ranks of Cæsar's finest troops. When they had succeeded in making an impression on the advancing foe, and saw their way for a joint attack, the Britons leapt from their chariots, formed into a solid and compact body, and fought on foot with all their accustomed intrepidity. The drivers, meanwhile, withdrew the chariots from the strife, and took up positions which would best favour the retreat of their masters if the tide of battle should roll against them. "In this manner," says Cæsar, "they performed the part



both of rapid cavalry and of steady infantry." "By constant exercise and use," he adds, "they have acquired such expertness that they can stop their horses in the most steep and difficult places—when at full speed—turn them whichever way they please, run along the carriage pole, rest on the harness, and throw themselves back into their chariots with incredible dexterity." It is worthy of note that the great leader makes no reference to the cruel accessories which are said to have adorned the axles of these vehicles. This omission has caused many writers to doubt whether such instruments of torture were ever in existence. It is impossible, of course, to speak positively on such a matter; but it is well to remember that similar appliances have been used in other lands, and that our own museums contain relics—from more than one British battle field—which antiquaries think could hardly have been used for any other purpose than that described.

MILITARY KNOWLEDGE OF THE NATIVES.

In tactics and strategical skill, the natives displayed considerable talent. When in readiness for the fray, the infantry—in wedge-shape formation—occupied the centre; the cavalry and the chariots constituted the right and left wings; and at the rear were strong bodies of reserves. They were quite alive to the importance of harassing an enemy before delivering the chief attack, and were fully impressed with the necessity of a well-executed movement on the hostile flanks. They were formidable adversaries in every way, and if their weapons had been of a better quality—not made of bronze that bent beneath a heavy stroke—it is quite possible that the first Roman in-

vasion might not have been repeated. As it was, indeed, Caesar never made any great headway, and could only maintain himself with difficulty in localities that adjoined the coast. In the language of Tacitus, he was "a discoverer rather than a conqueror," and even his discoveries, in these islands at least, were not far reaching.

THE RETURN OF THE ROMANS.

But if Caesar made little impression on the Britons, he carried away reports which were well calculated to arouse the ambition of his successors. Nearly a century elapsed before the Romans again undertook the work of subjugation; but they were then better prepared, came in greater numbers, and set about their task with such care and deliberation that a speedy conquest seemed assured. It is not necessary to follow the fluctuating fortunes of their numerous campaigns in the South. From the landing of Aulus Plautius in A.D. 43, down to the advent of Julius Agricola in 78, bloodshed seldom, if ever, ceased. There were terrific struggles with the Silures under Caractacus, and with the Iceni under Boadecia. There were furious onslaughts upon the Druids of Anglesea and the Brigantes across the Humber. Fire and sword went hand in hand, and the track of war was followed by famine and disease. Victory was not always with the assailants; but whether they lost or won at the commencement, they always ended by bringing the natives under their yoke.

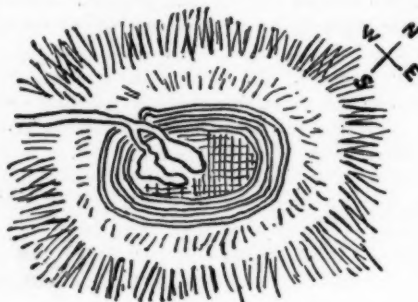
AGRICOLA ON THE TYNE.

It is with the coming of Agricola that we get our first records concerning the district that constitutes the present county of Northumberland. There is an absence of detail about many of the recitals; but they will serve, perhaps, to throw a little light on the condition of the North Country and its occupants at a very remote period. The famous chieftain we have named was as skilful in the arts of peace as in those of war. He had served under Seutonius Paulinus against the "Warrior Queen," and was greatly beloved by his army. Under his able guidance the fortunes of Rome underwent a marvellous change. Deserted posts were recovered, refractory tribes were punished, and an attempt was made to bring the conquered people into greater harmony with their masters. While this work was proceeding in the southern province, Agricola marched north of the Humber, gained victory after victory, and ultimately found himself face to face with the brawny races near the higher reaches of the Tyne. There is no absolute record of early battles in this district, but it is fair to suppose that the Ottadini—like the Brigantes of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the Gadeni of Cumberland and Westmoreland—would be dispersed to their mountain retreats, and that Agricola would then, according to his invariable custom, protect the acquired territory by throwing up strongly entrenched works for the accommodation of his soldiers.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL FIGHT WITH GALGAUCUS.

By the spring of 81—having ensured the safety of his communications—the Roman leader was ready for a

further advance, and he began his march northward with every confidence in the ultimate triumph of his army. While traversing the open country, he was practically unassailable, but at the river fords, and amid the mountain passes, his progress was disputed with all the obstinacy that a clever and courageous foe could devise. Many an entrenched hill top in Coquetdale and Glendale had to be stormed before the invaders could proceed, and as the conflict in every case was at close quarters—with the Britons in possession of the best ground—the assailants lost enormous numbers of their men ere even the Cheviots were reached. In the end,



the defenders were always compelled to give way; and, being then driven before Agricola's dashing legions, they were put out of harm's way behind the line of forts he erected between the Firth of Forth and the River Clyde. Having, by the summer of 83, completed this undertaking, the Roman leader renewed his journey towards the Highlands, and everything seemed to indicate that his previous successes would be continued. He was no sooner out of sight, however, than the Caledonians descended from their hill strongholds, swarmed over his defences, and, in a night surprise, managed to annihilate one of his divisions. Returning with all speed, Agricola attacked his daring assailants, and succeeded in beating them. But the damage they inflicted upon his troops and earthworks, precluded all attempts at further advance, and he was compelled to winter in a very inhospitable region. The campaign recommenced with the fine weather of 84; but as 30,000 natives, under the heroic Galgacus, had posted themselves on a well chosen spur of the Grampians, it was necessary at once to dislodge them. After a fierce and destructive battle, the Romans carried the position, and inflicted terrible losses on their retreating foe. But, though defeated, the Northerners contrived to check the foreign advance. When morning dawned, the invaders saw only a silent and deserted land. Their late adversaries had disappeared as if by magic, and left nothing behind them but smoke and flame and ruin. With a crippled army and straitened supplies, it would have been extremely hazardous to penetrate into the hill country, and Agricola found himself compelled to relinquish his enterprise. He returned by easy stages to the

entrenchments he had left on Tyneside, and there, putting his troops into cantonments, he threw that mighty earthen rampart across the country—from Wallsend to the Solway Firth—which has been a source of speculation and wonder through all succeeding ages. His campaigns had taught him that it was much easier to march through a poverty-stricken district than to remain in it, and he fondly hoped, by his famous barrier, to confine the infuriated Northmen within the boundaries of their own desolate wilds.

HADRIAN'S WALL.

So seriously had Agricola's inroads crippled the native tribes, that it required thirty years to rehabilitate their shattered forces. In the reign of Hadrian, however, they recommenced hostilities, and attacked the Roman garrisons all along their line. Matters had become so serious in 120, that the energetic Emperor journeyed with all haste to this country, and did everything in his power to quell the rebellious spirit that had been engendered. He was successful in restoring the wavering allegiance of the Yorkshire Brigantes, and tried to accomplish a similar result among the tribes on the Borderland; but all his efforts to gain ascendancy over the Ottadini and their Caledonian allies proved abortive. It thus happened that the Clyde line of forts was demolished, that the country for a hundred miles to the southward had to be abandoned by the invaders, and that the conquests of Agricola were rendered useless. To more effectually protect his remaining possessions, therefore, Hadrian spanned the country with a second and more formidable line of works, on a site closely adjoining the mound of his predecessor. It was evidently the intention of the Romans, at this period, to make the Tyne their northern boundary, and they would have been saved endless trouble if they had adhered to their resolve. But different commanders had different ideas. Lollius Urbicus—one of the great captains of Antoninus Pius—advanced from the wall in 138, and, slowly fighting his way, carried the Roman banner once more to the Forth. Having connected that river with the Clyde—by means of an earthen bank and a score of strong redoubts—he conceived that Northumberland and the Scottish Lowlands had been permanently won. The tribesmen declined to so understand it. In 183, they again broke through the Scottish barrier, assaulted the forts, and—after several sanguinary encounters with the column sent to the relief of the beleaguered garrisons—compelled the Roman legions to seek safety beyond their southern defences.

SEVERUS AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

The "barbarians"—as the Ottadini were called—had matters pretty much in their own hands until the arrival of the Emperor Severus in 207. Though suffering badly from the gout and other maladies, this aged warrior gathered his forces, and led them with a vindictive heart towards the disputed land. But the tremendous difficulties he encountered, on passing the vallum of

Hadrian, show very clearly that the country had never been altogether under foreign control. There was an absence of really good roads, the rivers were unspanned, and large tracts of wood and morass were almost impassable wildernesses. Every inch of the invaders' progress was disputed. Though not sufficiently numerous to risk a pitched battle, the natives contrived to commit incalculable mischief. Their intercourse with the Romans had already taught them the value of metal head-gear and shoulder guards, and, with such protections, they were able to maintain a succession of skirmishes and flank attacks that were as irritating as they were destructive. When aided, later, by their old allies of the Scottish Lowlands, the resistance they offered would have deterred a less valiant enemy. But Severus was undaunted, and doggedly plodded on. What with regular fighting, losses in ambushes, and sickness caused by unceasing labour in draining bogs, cutting down forests, bridging rivers, and constructing solid travelling ways, his force is said to have been reduced by 50,000 men. In spite of all obstacles, however, he succeeded in reaching a more northerly point than any of his predecessors, and eventually struck such terror into the native hordes that they were driven to sue for peace. With the exception of this solitary result, the campaign was as barren as any that had gone before. Of this fact the Emperor himself was thoroughly convinced. He realised—reluctantly, it may be—that the debateable land between the Tyne and the north could never be permanently held by his legions; and his first care, on his return southward, was to supplement the earthworks of Hadrian and Agricola with a strong and formidable wall of solid stone. It would serve no useful purpose to describe the Tyneside works in detail; but it may be interesting to explain the nature of the operations which the Romans from time to time carried out. According to the account of William Hutton, there were really four barriers. The defences of

Agricola Hadrian Severus




Agricola consisted of a double rampart of earth, having a ditch so planned as to cause a rise for the assailants of nearly 20 feet. To further strengthen this obstacle, Hadrian deepened the ditch, and, with the soil so obtained, constructed a third mound, 10 feet high, a little more to the northward. These all ran in parallel lines. When Severus, as we have stated, conceived the idea of a still more formidable structure, he raised a barrier of stone. It was 8 feet thick and 12 feet high, with an additional elevation of 4 feet for the battlements. Added to this, at equal distances, were a number of stations or towns, 81 castles, and 330 turrets—all connected by good wide roads, along which troops could move from one threatened point to another with the greatest facility.

But for fear all these impediments should prove insufficient, the north front was protected by a tremendous ditch along its whole course. Having a span of 30 feet, and a depth of 15, it is not surprising that the military chiefs should have regarded their last effort as insurmountable. As long as ever the Roman supremacy lasted, this line of defence was constantly garrisoned by many thousands of armed men; but for 130 years after the death of its valiant founder—if we except an abortive raid by Constantius Chlorus—there was no attempt made to leave its protecting shelter,

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The first illustration shows the sword, dagger, and spear-head in use amongst the Britons, as well as the hooks that are supposed to have been attached to their chariots. These latter were sketched from specimens in the British Museum, and clearly indicate the effects of corrosion from their long sojourn in the ground.—No. 2 gives the generally accepted notion of an ancient chariot and shield.—No. 3 is the ground plan of a British fort near Hepple, in Coquetdale. It shows three lines of entrenchments, at varying heights, round the sides of a commanding hill; while at the summit may be seen the excavations that were commonly used as store-rooms or places of shelter.—No. 4 shows in a rough form the sections of the barriers erected by Agricola, Hadrian, and Severus.

The Stote Manby Case.

 R. BARON PARKE heard an extraordinary case at the Northumberland Assizes on the 28th of February, 1855. From the magnitude of the claim and the romantic story raised on behalf of the plaintiff, it caused an intense amount of interest, not only in the North of England, but throughout the country, and more particularly in Lincolnshire. The claimant and plaintiff was William Stote Manby, a gardener of Kiln Yard, Louth, a man in a most humble walk in life. Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., the author of that then popular standard novel "Ten Thousand a Year," was leading counsel for the claimant, and it was said at the time that he undertook the case gratuitously.

The plaintiff claimed to be heir-at-law of Mrs. Dorothy Windsor, a widow, before her marriage Miss Dorothy Stote, spinster, daughter of Sir Richard Stote, Knight, Sergeant-at-Law. As such heir-at-law he sought to recover extensive estates in Northumberland. The defendants were Thomas Wood Craster, Esq., and Calverley Bewicke Bewicke, Esq., and others, their tenants. The first two defendants were sued as the representatives of Sir Robert Bewicke and Mr. John Craster, tenants of the estates prior to 1780.

The value of the estates claimed by the Louth gardener was stated to be about £50,000 a-year; but probably this was an exaggeration. They comprised, however, the greater part of the hamlet and extra-parochial chapelry of Kirkheaton, near Belsay, including Kirkheaton Hall, the

living of the chapelry, and a land-sale colliery; an estate adjoining Howdon Pans, in the parish of Wallsend, of about 297 acres, the coals under which were sent to London Market under the name of "Bewicke and Craster's Wallsend"; an estate in the adjoining parish of Long Benton; and an inn called the Coach and Six Horses. The estates altogether were stated to consist of about 4,000 acres, with valuable mines below.

The plaintiff sought for a declaration that he was heir-at-law of Dame Dorothy Windsor (who died, aged 84, in 1756, in Upper Brook Street, London, possessed of the above-named properties, which were known as the "Windsor Estates"), and also heir-at-law of his grandfather, Stote Manby, who died intestate in 1780, leaving William Manby, of Louth, his only son and heir-at-law, who died in 1809, leaving two sons, Richard and the plaintiff, but Richard had died a bachelor in 1820. The plaintiff claimed that he was entitled to the manors, hereditaments, and premises of which Dame Dorothy Windsor died seized, and asked that it might be declared that he had been kept out of possession of the estates by collusion and fraud, that the defendants were not entitled to avail themselves of the Statute of Limitations, and that possession of the property might be delivered up free from incumbrances.

Mr. Warren entered fully into all the circumstances of this extraordinary case with great clearness, ability, and eloquence, which enhanced the interest and excitement in Court. He recounted the biography of the plaintiff's grandfather, Stote Manby, the original heir-at-law, who was a very illiterate man, unable to read or to write even his own name, a day labourer or carter, who during his later days was supported by his wife's labour and the casual charity of his neighbours, and who lived all his life in a wretched mud hovel, scarcely fit for human habitation, in the village of Keddington, near Louth. It was explained that William Manby (the plaintiff's father) was born in 1747, and resembled his father in mental incapacity, and in being unable to read or write his own name; that plaintiff's brother (Richard) was also very poor, and, until he died, unmarried, worked for his daily bread; that all these members of the plaintiff's family had lived and died in total ignorance of their title by inheritance to the Windsor Estates; and that the plaintiff only first became aware of his rights in 1846, when he was told by a very old man, living in Louth, that a trial was heard at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1781, which showed that his grandfather, Stote Manby, was heir to the wealthy Dame Dorothy Windsor, but being of weak mind had been kept out of the property unlawfully. The plaintiff's story was that Sir Robert Bewicke and Mr. John Craster, being tenants, retained undisputed possession of the estates from 1756 (the time of Dame Dorothy Windsor's death) until 1780, "most unrighteously and cruelly" taking advantage of poor Stote Manby's incapacity; that one Harvey, an attorney, came down

to Louth in 1780, and undertook to be Stote Manby's lawyer; that Harvey commenced actions which were defended on the grounds, first, that Dorothy Windsor was not seized of the estates, and, secondly, that Stote Manby was not her cousin and heir; that in 1781 an action was tried at Newcastle, before Mr. Justice Nares and Mr. Justice Heath,* in which Stote Manby's heirship was established by a verdict of the jury; that on the day after his trial a second action was called on as to another portion of the property, but that by fraud and connivance no trial took place, Harvey having been prevailed upon to abandon the action and enter into a compromise, the effect of which was to secure to the then plaintiff, Stote Manby, and his heirs, a rent charge of £300 a year, leaving the defendants of 1781 in quiet possession.

The object of the trial in 1855 was to unravel all these proceedings, as well as any subsequent transactions that had taken place, and to put the plaintiff, William Stote Manby, on a verdict being given in his favour, in possession of the whole of the Windsor estates. Before, however, Mr. Warren had proceeded far with his opening of the case he was stopped by Mr. Baron Parke, who stated that he considered the Statute of Limitations barred all title on the part of the plaintiff. Mr. Warren, therefore, having no alternative, consented to be nonsuited.

What became of the annuity or rent charge which Messrs. Craster and Bewicke granted to old Stote Manby, when (as above alleged) he resigned his claim in 1781, does not appear.

The case (after the non-suit) was carried into the Court of Chancery. The defendants demurred for want of equity, and relied on the Statute of Limitations. The preliminary process to enable the plaintiff to establish his case was, however, granted by the Court. After a long and protracted hearing, on the 23rd April, 1857, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood decided that nothing had been elicited to support the allegations of the plaintiff, and his bill was consequently dismissed with costs against him.

The *Lincolnshire Journal* in April, 1857, explained how the claimant was able to carry his case to the Court of Chancery:—

The manner in which the funds were raised for the purpose of enabling the plaintiff to prosecute his supposed claims was by borrowing sums of money with the promise to re-pay twenty for every single pound when he should have obtained possession of his estates at Newcastle, &c., but that in the event of his not succeeding in his suit the money so advanced should be considered as a free gift.

* The only record of the case in the *Newcastle Chronicle* for 1781 is as follows:—Before Sir George Nares and the Hon. Justice Heath, at the assizes opened in Newcastle, Saturday, August 13, 1781, "the long contested cause between the claimants of the estates of the late Sir Richard Stote, of Jesmond, near this town, was this week compromised by the parties."

The bait took admirably, and an immense number of the unwise, anxious to secure the prospect of receiving so large a return for a small outlay (well knowing that in no legitimate business could they make one pound realise twenty) rushed to deposit various sums according to their means; some selling their pigs, some borrowing money, some reducing their stock-in-trade that they might embark in this lottery; and, in this manner, hundreds have invested their all in the risk.

After repeated delays, when some of the less sanguine were beginning to fancy all was over, the case was announced positively for trial a few days since, and the spirits of the subscribers rose to fever heat. On Tuesday, the 31st ult., the case commenced, and day after day letters announcing the flourishing state of the suit were received from a party in London who was watching its progress; and five to one was freely offered that the plaintiff would obtain a favourable verdict, and be placed in possession of the estates forthwith, when—alas! for the mutability of mundane affairs—the news that the arguments of the four eminent and learned counsel engaged for the plaintiff had failed to make out a case reached here on Saturday morning last, and that Sir W. Page Wood had, without calling upon defendants for their answer, dismissed the bill with costs.

It would be far easier to imagine than to describe the shock which this intelligence caused, and how deep and bitter were the lamentations of the deluded friends. Several had anticipated the pleasing prospect of retiring from business and enjoying for the remainder of their days that *otium cum dignitate* which a favourable issue promised them; but all these hopes of future happiness, so long and fondly cherished, were, at one fell swoop, totally extinguished, "leaving not a wrack behind." *Sic transit gloria "Manbi."*

S. F. LONGSTAFFE.

The Robin.

NO English bird is a greater favourite than the robin (*Sylvia rubicula*). It is more or less an all-the-year-round resident in the Northern Counties. Many persons are under the belief that it is only a winter songster; but this arises from the fact that the bird is less noticed in summer. Its song may be heard, in fact, in almost every month of the year.

Though so great a favourite, the redbreast is a fighting bird. The males, at least, are exceedingly selfish and pugnacious. Where food is placed out, they will attack and drive off other birds of superior size, and they often fight with and kill each other. I have noticed that the robins fight most savagely amongst themselves in autumn; and this may account for the rather widely prevalent opinion that the ungrateful young males actually kill their fathers! I have seen many robin fights, some deadly, but the pugilists were almost invariably mature males.

The robin, with its ruddy and olive plumage, is well known to most residents in town and country, chiefly from its familiar and confiding habits, and its song is always welcome, either during the dreary days of winter or in the prime of summer. Here it has many endearing familiar names, including the ruddock, robinet, &c., which latter designation may be taken to mean "little robin." In Germany it is called Thomas Guidito; in

Norway, Peter Rousmead; and in Sweden, Tommi-Liden. In every country in Europe pretty stories and legends are told of it. The robin has had its praises sung by the poets almost as frequently as the nightingale. The young birds, until they attain their mature plumage, have their feathers mottled grey and dusky; but even in their early youth, after they leave the nest, they have all the bold, perky ways and characteristics of the old birds.



The Robin

In size and plumage, the male and female birds are much alike, though the latter are rather smaller than their mates, and their ruddy and olive-grey plumage is not so brilliant as that of their more pugnacious mates. When on the ground in search of food, the robins progress by a series of brisk hops, then halt, and turn their heads knowingly from side to side. Their food is varied according to the season of the year. The nest may occa-

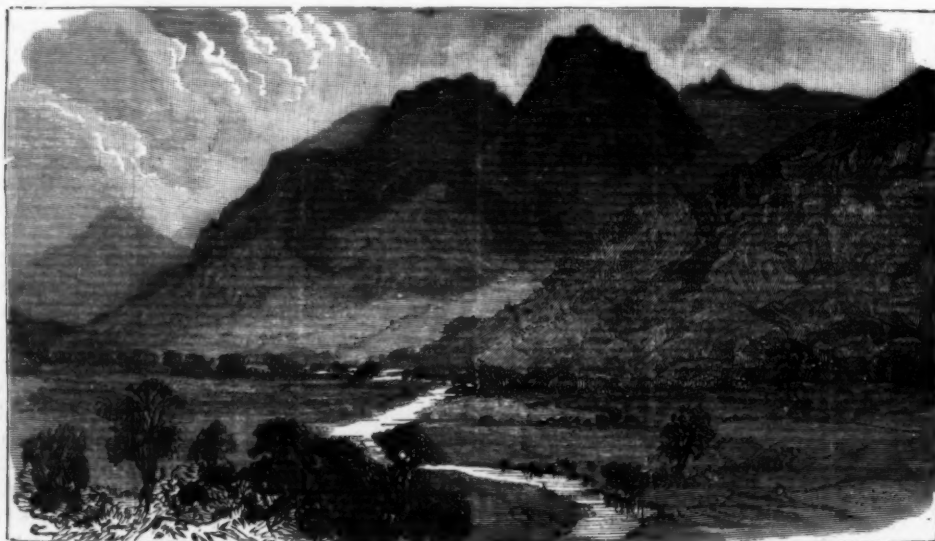
sionally be found in very unexpected situations, from the roof of an outhouse to the open bottom of a hedge. Many instances are recorded of robins nesting in living rooms and bedrooms. Usually the bird builds a nest of withered grass and roots, lined inside with fine grass and hair. The eggs, from five to six, occasionally seven in number, vary much in their colour and markings, as most birds' eggs do. Some are profusely covered with ruddy freckles and blotches, whilst others are of a dull white hue, with few or no ruddy freckles.

H. KERR.

Langdale Pikes.



LANGDALE PIKES form a grand mountain group at the head of Great Langdale, the vale of the upper part of the River Brathay, one of the feeders of Lake Windermere. They soar into three rugged and picturesque summits. Two of them—Harrison Stickle and the Pike o' Stickle—figure prominently in almost all the best views of the English Lake District, though they nowhere appear to greater advantage than from Lingmoor, on the opposite side of the valley. The other pike is known as Gimmer Crag, but is overshadowed by its grander neighbours. From certain points the two pikes—Harrison Stickle and Pike o' Stickle—appear to be quite close together; still, they are in reality so far apart as to leave a gap by no means easy to cross. The Pike o' Stickle, which is seen to the left in our sketch, has an altitude of 2,300 feet above



LANGDALE AND LANGDALE PIKES.

the level of the sea, and is very rugged and broken, while Harrison Stickle rises to a height of over 2,400 feet, and is more easy of ascent than the other, which it overlooks.

Although the Langdale Pikes are surrounded by mountains of more commanding height, yet from many places they appear to rise in a group from the plain. This is notable in our first view, which is taken from a short distance down the Langdale Valley.

The prospect from the Pikes is varied and extensive. Langdale, with its cultivated enclosures, is seen far below, its tarns glistening in the sunlight; further away is Windermere and Esthwaite Water; whilst in the extreme distance a glimpse of the sea may occasionally be obtained. To the south the massive bulk of Wetherlam confronts the eye, Coniston Old Man and Grey Friars shutting in the view beyond. To the east rises Loughrigg Fell and the mountains surrounding Ambleside. To the north-east are Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, and Fairfield, with Skiddaw and Blencathra, or Saddleback as it is more commonly termed, overlooking Derwentwater. This lake cannot be seen from Harrison Stickle, but a fine view of it may be obtained from the Pike o' Stickle. To the west, rearing its mighty head above Bowfell is Scawfell Pike, the highest mountain in England, and Scawfell, which for many years held this title until the point was decided by the Government surveyors. To the north of the Scawfell Pikes rise Great End, Great Gable, and Glaramara.

Stickle Tarn, noted for its fine trout, reposes at the foot of the precipice known as Pavay Ark, a projecting

shoulder of Harrison Stickle. It is used as a reservoir for the Government powder-mills at Elter Water. The stream from the tarn, known as Mill Gill, makes a series of pretty cascades, which, with the towering background of Harrison Stickle, form a striking and effective picture.

The tourist traversing Langdale may note on the face of Lingmoor Screes a long white mark. This is the dalesmen's sun dial. When Sol's rays reach this mark, they know that it is twelve o'clock. Elsewhere—at the hamlet of Chapelstile—the inhabitants indulge in the mild joke that it was there that Adam and Eve were married, the allusion being to Adam and Eve Fleming, who were the first couple joined together in wedlock at the church. A short distance further down the valley is the village and church of Langdale. Harriet Martineau tells an anecdote about this primitive place of worship that is worth repeating. "A few years ago," says she, writing in 1855, "the rotten old pulpit fell, with the clergyman, Mr. Frazer, in it, just after he had begun his sermon from the text, 'Behold I come quickly.' The pulpit fell on an elderly dame, who escaped wonderfully. Mr. Frazer, as soon as he found his feet, congratulated her on surviving such an adventure: but she tartly refused his sympathy, saying, 'If I'd been kilt, I'd been reet sarrat (rightly served), for ye'd threatened ye'd be comin' doon sune.'"

There is a mountain track from Langdale past Stickle Tarn into Easdale. It was while returning home over this pass, one winter's evening in 1807-8, that George and Sarah Green, hard-working dalesfolk, were lost in a snowstorm, which at the same time imprisoned



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF LANGDALE PIKES.

their half-dozen bairns within a remote and solitary cottage in Easdale for several days. De Quincey, in his "Memorials of Grasmere," refers to the story, telling how the eldest girl, then only nine years old, exhibited the greatest care and foresight in providing for the requirements of her little brothers and sisters. Agnes Green, however, succeeded in getting out of her temporary prison, finding her way to Grasmere, and alarming the neighbours. After a search of three days, the bodies of the parents were discovered on White Crag, near the Pikes, in their last long sleep. This melancholy incident elicited the sympathy of the whole of the inhabitants of the Lake district, inspired Wordsworth to write memorial stanzas on the subject, and brought material help for the orphans from Royalty itself.

It is worth noting that very few of the ordinary English song birds, and no skylarks, are to be seen or heard in these narrow valleys. The residents account for it by the fact that the precipitous crags afford shelter for numerous hawks, which, with ravens and crows, are frequently seen hovering about the hills. Formerly eagles were wont to build in the Pikes; but the shepherds declared war against them, because they not unfrequently carried off a young lamb. The birds were, therefore, either killed or driven away. Failing that, the eggs were taken from the nests—a proceeding often attended with great danger, as the dalesmen had sometimes to be suspended from the tops of precipices by ropes.

Our drawings are reproduced from photographs by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, The Art Gallery, Keswick.

Wallace's Raids in Northumberland.

IN the year 1297, Sir William Wallace, who had succeeded, in spite of the mean jealousy of the haughty and turbulent Scottish nobles, in freeing his country for the time being from the English yoke, led his exasperated followers into Northumberland, and burned and laid waste the country wherever he went. Fordun and the other Scottish historians relate that a principal reason for his invading England at this time was the extreme dearth and scarcity that prevailed in North Britain, arising from the inclemency of the season, joined to the calamities of war, which had been for so many years waged cruelly and mercilessly by both parties alike—the English fighting for conquest at the beck of an arrogant monarch, and the Scots for national independence, under self-appointed chiefs, not always co-operating heartily with each other. The English historian Walsingham describes this particular year by a

rather singular epithet. He calls it "penuria frugum illaudabilis," that is, "for scarcity of grain not worthy to be praised."

Having determined on making the expedition, in order to subsist his troops at the expense of the enemy, Wallace is said, in his capacity of regent, warden, or guardian of Scotland, in the name of King John Baliol, to have obliged all the fighting men of the realm between sixteen and sixty to follow him under pain of death; and it is added that this penalty was inflicted on the disobedient by hanging them up on gallowses erected for that purpose in every barony and considerable town. But the allegation is probably a gross libel on the memory of the Scottish chief.

After making himself master of the town of Berwick, which had been evacuated on his approach, Wallace crossed the Tweed into Northumberland, the principal inhabitants of which had fled with their families and goods to Newcastle, and even still further south, there being no armed force at hand to make head against the invaders. King Edward was in Flanders, waging war with the King of the French for the re-possession of Guienne; and the heads of the English nobility, neither well satisfied with the king's foreign policy, which demanded constant contributions, nor on a good common understanding among themselves, were scarcely in a position to meet Wallace in the field, after the signal victory he had so lately gained at Stirling. So the Scots marched unopposed as far as the Forest of Rothbury, which was then, as its name imported, a thickly wooded district, and constituted a natural fortress some seven miles long by four broad. From this place as a centre or headquarters, they spread themselves through the low country, laying it waste with fire and sword, killing all who opposed them, collecting great spoils, and destroying everything they could not carry away. The priests and monks of all orders were among the first to flee for their lives, for the Scots in those rude times were known to feel little or no scruple with regard to their sanctity, so many of the Churchmen being soldiers as well as priests; and the Rector of Rudby, Hugh Cressingham, who had only a few weeks before been slain on the field of battle, had his dead body flayed, and the skin cut in pieces to be distributed as trophies.

The Scots continued to burn and plunder at their pleasure all over Northumberland, till about the term of Martinmas, meeting, indeed, with no opposition or disturbance, except when in the neighbourhood of the castles of Alnwick, Warkworth, Harbottle, Prudhoe, and other fortresses, from which the garrisons occasionally sent forth parties to attack the rear of the marauders, or to pick up stragglers, who, when they fell into their hands, got very short shrift, being taken, as the Border phrase ran, "red fang." While they remained encamped in the parish of Rothbury, the Scots of course would make constant use of the Reiver's Well, which is still to be seen

near the principal entrance to Lord Armstrong's residence, Craggside.

Having pretty well exhausted the resources of the eastern district by the month of November, Wallace collected all his forces together, and marched away westwards towards Carlisle, with the view of occupying that city, possibly to make it his winter quarters. In the course of his expedition up the Tyne, he stayed two days at Hexham, where the priory had been burned down, or at least plundered, by a foraging party, who had likewise set fire to the nave of St. Andrew's Church, as well as a school-house connected with it. On this second visit, the following singular scene is said by Walter Hemingford, the monk of Gisborough, in his history, to have occurred :—

Three monks, all who had the courage to remain, were observed in a small chapel. Thinking the danger was over, they had forsaken their hiding places, and were endeavouring to repair the damages of the late visitation, when, in the midst of their labours, they discovered the Scottish army, and fled in dismay to the oratory. The soldiers, however, with their long spears, were soon among them, and, brandishing their weapons, commanded them, at their peril, to give up the treasures of the monastery. "Alas," said one of the monks, "it is but a short time since you yourselves have seized our whole property, and you know best where it now is." At this juncture Wallace entered, and, commanding his soldiers to be silent, requested one of the monks to celebrate mass. He obeyed, and the Scottish Guardian and his attendants assisted at the service with becoming reverence. When the consecration was about to take place, Wallace retired for a moment to lay aside helmet and arms. Instantly the avarice and ferocity of the soldiers broke out. They pressed upon the priest, snatched the chalice from the high altar, tore away the ornaments and sacred vestments, and stole even the missal which the priest was using. When their leader returned, he found the priest in fear and horror at the sacrilege. Wallace, indignant at such conduct, gave orders that the villains should be searched for and put to death, and in the meantime took the monks under his own special protection. As some atonement for the outrage committed, the Guardian granted to the monks of Hexham a charter of protection for twelve months.

The town of Corbridge was burned by the Scots about the same time; as was likewise a small house of Benedictine nuns at Lambley, near Haltwhistle. It is said that the wretched occupants of the nunnery suffered the common fate of female captives in such savage incursions—torture and ravishment. But whether such foul atrocities were approved or sanctioned by Wallace may be seriously questioned. If they were, one can only say that such sanction or approval, even in hot blood and in direct reprisal, was wholly inconsistent with all that one has heard of him from the outset to the close of his career.

The citizens of Carlisle, when summoned to surrender, shut their gates in defiance, and made such preparations for a resolute defence as determined the invaders to turn away from it and to employ their strength in laying waste the neighbouring country. The Forest of Inglewood, comprehending all that large and now fertile tract of country extending from Carlisle to Penrith on the left bank of the Eden, and also Allerdale as far as Cocker-

mouth, was overrun and harried. The raiders next turned eastward, with the view of making similar havoc in the county of Durham. But they were driven back by a terrible storm of snow and hail, wherein many of them perished by hunger and cold, which was ascribed to the seasonable protection given by St. Cuthbert to his own people. From thence Wallace marched eastward towards Newcastle by the old road on the north side of the Tyne; and when the raiders were passing Heddon-on-the-Wall, and a party of them were foraging about Newburn, the inhabitants of Ryton, thinking themselves securely defended by the depth of the river, provoked the Scots with such opprobrious language that they forded the Tyne, and plundered and burned the town, spreading a great panic throughout the neighbourhood. As the Scots approached Newcastle, the burgesses, having made every necessary preparation for defence, sallied forth in order to fight them, upon which the enemy turned another way. Again traversing Northumberland, and destroying everything they had missed in the former part of their raid, the invaders returned to their own country without opposition, and loaded with rich spoils, which they divided after once more crossing the Tweed. During this inroad, either in coming or going, the Scots encamped on a hill in the neighbourhood of Carham, on the south bank of the Tweed, three or four miles from Coldstream, and there they reduced to ashes an abbey of Black Canons which had been founded at a period unknown as a cell to the Priory of Kirkham, in Yorkshire.

The horrible ravages committed by Wallace and his followers on this occasion are described in the following manner by King Edward himself, in a letter to Boniface VIII., that infallible pontiff who proclaimed that "God had set him over kings and kingdoms":—"The Scots inhumanly destroyed an innumerable multitude of my subjects, burnt monasteries, churches, and towns, with an un pitying and savage cruelty, slew infants in their cradles and women in child-bed, barbarously cutting off women's breasts, and burnt in a school, whose doors they first built up, about 200 young men."

But it must be recollected that this catalogue of atrocities, scarcely paralleled, and certainly not exceeded, by any on record in European history, was drawn up on hearsay evidence, and therefore must not be taken as literally true. Still there can be but little doubt that the Scots did commit horrid atrocities. Wallace himself, in fact, was merely a sort of patriotic reiver. The manners and tastes of the times, however, were altogether against the weak and conquered, whether they were Scots or Britons.

The Sleuth or Blood Hound.

By the late James Clephan.

A stark moss-trooping Scot was he,
As e'er couched Border lance on knee.
Through Solway sand, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross :
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood hounds.

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

IN days of yore, when England and Scotland were under separate Crowns, and too close neighbours to be good friends, blood hounds were kept on the Borders for the capture of light-footed reivers; and how best to train them for their vocation, and how best to evade their native and cultivated instincts, were important items in the curriculum of a Tweedside education. On both sides of the boundary river, accomplished blood hounds were in anxious request; and if they could be got ready-trained by the enemy, no scruples would stand in the way of their acquisition. English and Scottish poets have sung their praises. Somerville is eloquent of Border strife, and commemorates the swiftness and sagacity of the hound which ran marauders down.

* * * * * Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once,
There dwelt a pilfering race, well trained and skilled
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport.

Veiled in the shades of night they ford the stream :
Then, prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey. Nor flocks nor herds are safe ;
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barred doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plundered owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way.
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads : then, with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers.
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourished in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose ; the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive ; nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick. His snuffing nose, his active tail,
Attests his joy. Then, with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon. Foot by foot he marks
His winding way.

O'er moor and moss goes the untiring "sleuth-hound"—
"the northern name," says John Trotter Brockett in his
Glossary, "for the bloodhound ; so called from its quality
of tracing the sleuth," "the slot or track of man or beast
as known by the scent."

These dogs were held in great estimation by our ancestors ; particularly on the Borders, where a tax was levied for maintaining them. Their scent was so remarkably quick that they could follow, with great certainty, the human footsteps to a considerable distance, as fox-hounds chase a fox, or as beagles and harriers chase a hare. Many of them were, in consequence, kept in cer-

tain districts for the purpose of tracing thieves and marauders through their secret recesses.

Thai maid a privé assemblé
Of well twa hundir men and mea,
And sleuth hundis with thaim gan ta.

The lines here quoted by Mr. Brockett form part of "The Bruce," the well-known poem of John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen ; he who, in the fourteenth century, immortalized himself in the affections of his country by the lines commencing—"Ah! freedom is a noble thing!" Sir Walter Scott refers to him in a note to the passage of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" which heads this article. "The kings and heroes of Scotland," says he, "as well as the Border riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of bloodhounds." Barbour informs us that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and thus baffling the scent. The pursuers came up,

Rycht to the burn that passyt ware ;
Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting thar.
And waveryt lang tyme ta and fra,
That he na certain gate couth ga ;
Till at the last Jhon of Lorn
Pursevit the hund the sleuth had lorne.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance. The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman named Fawdon, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border sleuthbratch or bloodhound.

In Gelderland there was that bratchel bred,
Siker of scent to follow them that fled ;
So was he used in Eke and Liddisdal ;
While [i.e. when] she gat blood no fleeing might avail.

In the retreat, Fawdon tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body.

The slouth stopped at Fawdoun ; still she stood ;
Nor farther wold, fra time she fund the blood.

The bloodhound is the subject of an interesting leaf of Charles Knight's "National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge." Here is the first paragraph of the description :—"The name of a hound celebrated for its exquisite scent and unwearied perseverance ; qualities which were taken advantage of, by training it, not only to the pursuit of game, but to the pursuit of man. A true bloodhound (and the pure blood is rare) stands about 28in. in height, and is muscular, compact, and powerful. The forehead is broad ; the muzzle is long and deep, with pendulous lips. The nostrils are wide and well-developed ; the ears are ample and pendulous ; the aspect is serene and sagacious. The tail is long, with an upward curve when

in pursuit; at which time the hound opens with a voice deep and sonorous, that may be heard down the wind for a very long distance." Reference is made by the writer in the encyclopædia, further on, to the statement of Sir Walter Scott, that the breed of bloodhounds was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the eighteenth century.

Those who are familiar with Border story will remember the raid of 1528. Its record is to be read on various pages. The late Dr. Charlton's "Memorials of North Tynedale" quote it from the State Papers. On a Monday morning in January, William Charlton and Archibald Dodd, with two Scots, Harry Noble and Roger Armstrong, rode a foray, with several others, into the Bishopric; seized the parson of Muggleswick, and bore him away; plundering the inhabitants as they went. The country rose in pursuit, led by Edward Horsley, bailiff of Hexham. Thomas Errington, "with a sleueth hounde," was among the pursuers; and by him was Charlton of Shotlyngton Hall slain as he fled. Noble met the same fate. Dodd and Armstrong were captured and executed, and hung in chains at Alnwick and Newcastle; the other two being gibbeted at Hexham and Haydon Bridge. There is, perhaps, no more graphic picture of Border life in the time of the Tudors than was penned by the Earl of Northumberland, after the event, for the eye of Henry VIII., and his great Minister, Cardinal Wolsey, when Englishman and Scot had descended hand in hand upon the Bishopric, and suffered death. The capture of the priest; the chase by Wolsey's bailiff of Hexham; the impassable flood and the barricaded bridge; the hunt with the bloodhound by the swollen waters of the Tyne; two of the fugitives slain, two captured; and all four hanged in chains: a foray which, as Dr. Charlton remarks, "confirms the saying of a writer of the day, that these Border thieves would be Englishmen when they will, and Scotsmen when it suited them," being ever ready for a raid on either or both sides of the Tweed.

North and south of the Border stream, the bloodhound was in use for centuries; and in the old town of Newcastle he makes his mark in the Municipal Accounts. When the reign of Queen Elizabeth had yet more than ten years to run, there was some one "wanted" by the Council of the North at York, over whose deliberations the Earl of Huntingdon then presided. What the man had done that he should be in such urgent request, does not appear. He must have greatly offended, or there would hardly have been such running to and fro to lay hold of him. Horsemen and pedestrians, and also a bloodhound, were sent in hot pursuit; and as the burgesses of Newcastle had to bear some portion at least of the cost, and the Chamberlains made a note of the corporate disbursements, we catch a glimpse of the chase after the fugitive. In the mayoralty of 1592, there was "paide for the chaarges of 3 horses 2 daies, and riding to Darneton and Sheiles, to make enquire for James Watson, commanded

by Mr. Maior, 6s. 6d." Not only were horsemen abroad in quest of him, but man and dog were intent on his trail: "Paide for a alco-hound, and a man who led him, to goe make enquire for James Watson, 5s." A third item heightens our curiosity to know more of a man whom Lord Huntingdon and his colleagues were so eager to run down:—"Paide for the charges of 3 men, one sent to Anwicke, the 2" (the second) "to Stockton, and the 3" (the third) "to Seaton Dallywell, with my Lord Presidents letters, to make search for Watson, 5s." All the payments occur in the month of April, and "Watson" was evidently familiar enough to the corporate officer; but he is only a name to us—no more.

In the days when Watson was pursued by horse and hound, such chase of man was an accustomed thing. In the latter years of Elizabeth, we meet with mention of the immemorial employment of the bloodhound in Weardale. The institution was a public charge, though persons not a few would gladly escape from the burden. Thus much we learn from a presentment of May 26, 1601, to be found in Watkins's "Treatise on Copyholds," under the head of "Customs, &c., of Weardale, in Durham." The passage relating to the bloodhound is this:—

We find that there is a slough-hound, which now is, and heretofore hath been, kept and maintained within the said park and forest of Weardale; which said hound, or some other, is to be kept and maintained, from time to time, as need requireth.

Whereas we have given our charge for the maintaining of a slough-hound; so it is that we have had and already have had of keepers upon the costs and charges of the park and forest only.

Now there is sundry that would withdraw themselves from bearing and maintaining the said slough-hound, and some of them do deny any payment for the maintaining of the said slough-hound.

Therefore we do humbly crave your lawful favour, that we be not separated, but continue in maintenance in the said slough-hound, as ever heretofore it hath been used and continued.

Such was the presentation made, and such its prayer, in the time of that most pleasant of prelates, Tobie Mathew, who "could as well not be, as not be merry." The bloodhound of his park and forest of Weardale was not, apparently, in perpetual keeping. A hound was there; and it, "or some other, was to be kept and maintained, from time to time, as need required."

The volume from which we make the quotation has a remark, with a reference to Sir John Skene as the authority, that "the slough-hound was to trace the Scots, who stole cattle in the night." When the owners missed them, "the dog was turned out to hunt their footsteps in the morning."

At the time of the presentation, in the year 1601, the Tudors were near the end of their reign. They came in with the battle of Bosworth Field, and their going out was to be marked by the peaceful union of England and Scotland under one Crown. Border raids had gone; a Scottish king was coming in; and there were tenants in Weardale who chafed under the charge of keeping up a blood-hound. Perchance they had come to the conclusion

that co-operation in such a cause was no longer necessary, but that every man bereft of his beesves might be left to look after the reivers himself. Quite as likely, however, they belonged to the order of men who, in all ages, whatever be the public needs, have been "impatient of taxation."

Thirty years, or thereabouts, from the time of the inquiry into the customs of Weardale, the blood-hound was in requisition in the county palatine; and now, it is not the Corporation of Newcastle, but the Churchwardens of Darlington, who make the payment. In 1630 they have an item in their accounts running thus:—"For fetching of a slee-dogg, 6d." The historian of Darlington, Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, observes in a note:—"The use of the sleuth or blood-hound was then much in vogue; and Denton, in Northumberland, and Chester-le-Street, appear to have been the places where the owners, and probably breeders, of these animals lived."

How much such animals were prized in former times may be inferred from one of the entries of the Calendar of State Papers. A couple had been lost by a Baron of France in the reign of Elizabeth; and it was to her great Minister that application was made for assistance in their restoration. On the 21st of September, 1573, Adrian de Gomicourt, writing to Lord Burleigh from Rochester in French, "solicite him to assist the Baron de Berlaymont in the recovery of a pair of bloodhounds." Burleigh was besieged on all sides for his good offices; he must befriend a host of suitors in matters small and great; and when two hounds were lost the chief adviser to England's Queen must lend a hand for their restoration!

Our Roman Roads.



ON the arrival of the Romans in this country, the physical aspect of Britain was very different from what it is now. The uplands were covered with heather and whins, or shaded by dense forests, while the banks of the rivers formed impenetrable jungles, and a great part of the low-lying grounds was overspread with marshes, as were the bleak-barren table-lands with bogs. One of the first requisites of the invaders, if they meant to keep permanent possession of the island, was to construct practicable high roads through the interior, affording ready means of inter-communication. The Britons had, doubtless, long before formed track-ways through the woods, by means of which the several independent or allied tribes could have intercourse with each other occasionally; but these rude paths were more like those which the natives of New Zealand or New Guinea used before the advent of Europeans, or still use, than anything we now associate

with the name of a made road. They were neither levelled, raised, nor paved; nor were they always straight, but "worked with sinuosities along," like Colman's Toby Tossopot, so as to avoid the natural obstacles that lay in their way, or to touch at the scattered settlements with which the country was more or less sparsely dotted.

If these British track-ways, however, suited their purposes, the Romans naturally adopted them; if not, they constructed others; and their engineering work proceeded until they had covered South Britain, and Scotland as far as the Grampians, with a complete network of national highways, scientifically formed, and rather to be compared with our modern railroads than with those narrow lanes and horse tracks which sufficed for our easy-going ancestors down till within less than two centuries since. These roads were raised some height above the ground which they traversed, and proceeded in as straight a line as possible between the several termini, running over hill and dale with very little regard to natural inequalities. Being constructed in an age when the laws of property, if they might be said to exist at all, were superseded by the rights of conquest, they did not require to be diverted, like most of our modern country roads, from the direct line, and thrown into vexatious angles and obliquities by the bias of private interest. And so, except where some natural barrier made it impossible, the Roman roads almost invariably pursued a straight course. It was only the interposition of a hill which could not be directly ascended, the interruption of a river which was unfordable, or the intervention of an impassable morass, like the Chat Moss, the Loch Moss, or the Dogden Moss, that turned the Roman military engineers out of the precise route they had laid down for themselves.

The road itself consisted of three distinct layers of materials—the lowest, stones, mixed with cement (*statumen*); the middle, gravel or small stones (*rudera*), to prepare a level and unyielding surface (without the least ruggedness, "*sine salebris*"), whereon to receive the upper and most important part of the structure, which consisted of large blocks of stone accurately fitted together. In the neighbourhood of towns, they usually had raised footways (*margines*) on both sides (*commerginaria*), which defined the extent of the central part (*agger*) for carriages, which was paved with large stones, and was usually about eighteen feet wide. The road was accurately barrelled, so that no water might lie upon it; and where the nature of the ground permitted, the soil was wholly removed before the first layer was placed, so as to ensure perfect solidity. The roads were thus said to be made "by delving and building beneath" (*fodiendo ac substruendo*).

The expense of their construction was enormous, but they were built to last for ever; and many of them continued, under all the injuries of predatory barbarians,

Vandalic landholders, agricultural improvers, and inclemencies of climate, wonderfully perfect, down to a recent period. Having the whole power of the country at their command, and tribes and nations innumerable to be their labourers, the Romans were not frugal of the toil of others. The poor natives had to do all the drudgery, from quarrying the stones out of the rock and squaring them to serve as flags, to carrying them up craggy precipices where no carriages could go; and where little or no road metal was to be found near at hand (as was not often the case, however, in the North), the unhappy drudges were forced to bring gravel, sand, or lime, occasionally from seven or eight miles off, either on their own backs or on those of their beasts of burden, arbitrarily requisitioned for the purpose. The Caledonian chief Galgacus is represented by Tacitus as telling his followers that the Romans wore out the bodies and hands of every people they subjected, in clearing and draining woods and marshes, with floggings and insults (*corpora ipsa ac manus sylvis ac paludibus emuniendis, verbera inter et contumelias, contereunt*); and there can be no doubt but that he spoke the truth.

The Romans, as is well known, were great bridge-builders, as well as masterful road-makers, their commanders usually taking the title of pontifex among their other high honours. Yet it is remarkable that only three bridges are mentioned by the writers of the Itineraries as occurring in Britain, and one of them is Pons Ælii, or Ælius's Bridge, which is well known to have spanned the Tyne opposite Newcastle. Most of the roads in this country crossed the rivers they encountered, not at bridges, but at shallows or fords, for some time at least after they were constructed; so that unless resort was had to rafts or bridges of boats, the travelling on these must have been very precarious, having to be regulated by the rains and controlled by the floods. At every thousand paces along the route there were mile-stones placed, and some of these still remain *in situ*, while the pedestals of others are to be seen in many places, with holes in them to receive the pillars.

Of many of the Roman roads, not only in England, but in the greater part of the Roman empire, an account has been preserved under the name of the Itinerary of Antoninus, which specifies the towns or stations on each road, and shows the distance between them—usually a day's march. This record was long supposed to be a public directory or guide for the use of the soldiers; but if this were the case, it is extremely confused and imperfect. It often omits in one iter or journey towns which are directly in its course, and yet specifies them in another; it likewise traces the same road more than once, and passes unnoticed some of the most remarkable roads in the island. History is silent as to the time and the compiler of this register; but the most likely conjecture is that it is merely the heads of a journey formed by some traveller or officer, who visited the different parts of the

empire from business or duty, during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and that it was supplemented in some parts so late as the reign of Diocletian. Besides this Itinerary, we have the "Description of Britain," attributed to Richard of Cirencester, and taken from ancient (if not contemporary) records now lost. From these two sources we learn that there were four great trunk roads in Britain, viz., the Watling Street, the Erming or Ermine Street, the Ikenild Street, and the Fosse Way; and modern researches have revealed the existence of a great many more, connecting the principal towns with each other and with the coast. For purposes of direct communication from sea to sea, as well as internal intercourse, these roads were infinitely better fitted than any that existed in the island down to the comparatively recent days of Marshal Wade, Thomas Telford, and John Loudon Macadam.

Of the four great lines of intercommunication above named, we have only to do with the two first, as the Ikenild Street and the Fosse Way ran through the southern part of the country—the former from the Land's End to the coast of Suffolk, and the latter from Exmouth, in Devonshire, or Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, to the Humber, about Saltfleet, in Lincolnshire. The Watling Street, on the other hand, traversed England and Scotland throughout almost their whole length, or at least as far north as the Grampians and the Moray Firth, and sent out branches in all directions, connecting the principal towns, which numbered some hundreds, and affording the troops ready access to all the main points, whether inland or on the coast. The term Ermine, Ermyn, or Herman Street, again, though primarily applied to a great road leading from Southampton (Clausentum) and Chichester (Regnum), where the Emperor Vespasian fixed his head-quarters when in Britain, through London (Londinium) to Yarmouth or Colchester (Camalodunum), coinciding, for a great part of the way, with the line of the South-Western and Eastern Counties Railways, is also applied to other great consular or military roads—one of them at least in our district. It is to be observed that none of the road-names are those given by the Romans who constructed them; they are only those affixed by the semi-barbarous Anglo-Saxons and Jutes who came in after the Romans left. The term Watling (sometimes written Waecling) most probably is only a corruption of the word "wathol," a road or way; and street is the Latin "stratum," a pavement, which was applied to such great trunk roads as were regularly paved or flagged (*viae stratae*). The term Ermyn, again, which was applied to a number of lines in various parts of the country, not otherwise connected with each other, but all usually taking the shortest cut between their terminal points, may either signify that the roads so designated were the quickest marching routes (*itineraria celerissima*), and, therefore, specially dedicated to Hermes, the messenger of the gods, known to the Saxons as Eormen, or it may merely

mean that they were chiefly used as military roads (German, Heerstrassen).

Descriptions of the roads themselves will be given in succeeding articles.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

A Gateshead Prodigy.

UNDER date June 15, 1757, the "Local Historian's Table Book" records the interment of Robert Clover, "a young man of uncommon parts and application," who had acquired "nice skill in music," could draw, sketch, and paint, and had made "considerable progress" in modern languages, astronomy, and mathematics. When only fifteen years of age, we are told, he wrote two poetic pieces in imitation of Milton's "L'Allegro," which William Hilton, of Gateshead, "published with his own poems"; but "by intense labour he injured a delicate constitution, and died when approaching to manhood, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him."

Turning now to Hilton's "Poetical Works," which form two thick octavo volumes, published in 1776 by Thomas Saint, Newcastle, we find the two pieces referred to. They are entitled "Il Giorno" and "La Notte"—in English, "Day" and "Night." "Day" commences:—

Thine is ! why will ye lose
That precious part of day, the morning's prime,
And foolish spend that time
When ev'ry balmy sweet of nature flows
In sleep's unmeaning joy ?

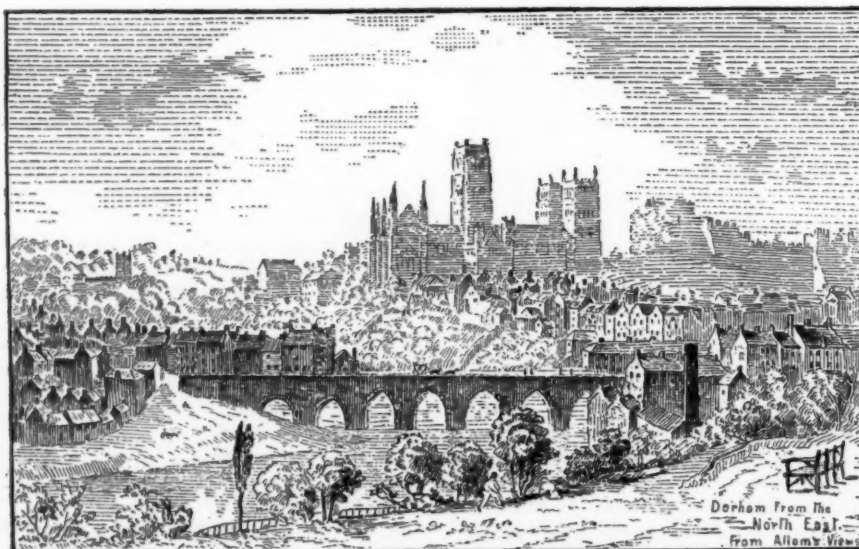
Come, rise, receive the tribute of the morn,
Morpheus and his visions scorn,
Resist the drowsy god, command him hence,
Immers'd in indolence,
And taste of pleasures that will never cloy.

There are over a dozen pages, written in this high-pitched tone, evincing most remarkable gifts in a lad of fifteen. Accompanying them are an "Elegy on Clover" and a "Memoir" of the youth, by Hilton himself, who appears to have been a companion of the precocious boy, and to have regarded his decease as a public calamity.

R. W.

Allom's View of Durham.

THE accompanying view of Durham, taken from the north-east, is strikingly romantic and picturesque. The original drawing was made by Thomas Allom more than half a century ago. Many changes have of course been made in the city and its surroundings since the sketch was taken. The predominating feature of the landscape depicted by Allom is the grand old cathedral which rears its majestic form against the sky. Other cathedrals may present more graceful outlines, but few can compare with it for situation. The city appears to be scattered over a number of irregular hills, the ground by which it is approached being thrown up into circular mounts. From the north-east the cathedral appears to great advantage, its northern and eastern fronts, "like the mitre which binds the temple of its prelate, giving the noblest supreme orna-



Durham from the
North East.
From Allom's View.

ment to the capital of the principality." To the right of the cathedral are the battlements and tower of the castle, and to the left is shown the ancient church of St. Nicholas. In the middle distance is Elvet Bridge, built by Bishop Pudsey about the year 1170, and afterwards repaired by Bishop Fox, who granted an indulgence of the Church to all who contributed towards defraying the expense of the undertaking.

King Arthur and Arthur's Hill.

AT the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle in 1863, an eminent antiquary, not connected with the district, delivered a most interesting address on Arthurian Legends. He pointed to the legends regarding the mythic king in so many parts of the country and on the Continent. Coming nearer home, he said Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh, had its name undoubtedly from the British hero; there was the Arthurian legend—very widely spread—which connected King Arthur with Sewing-shields on the Roman Wall, and which will be found in Dr. Bruce's "Wallet Book of the Roman Wall"; and there was still another legend which located King Arthur on the Derwent. Even in Newcastle, the antiquary said, he understood they had an Arthur's Hill, and he had no doubt it could be traced to the all-pervading monarch. In the discussion which followed, Dr. Bruce, who was present at the sectional meeting, to the great amusement of the audience, and the discomfiture of the enthusiastic King Arthurite, quietly stated that Arthur's

Hill, Newcastle, was so named by Mr. Isaac Cookson, the owner of the property, after his son Arthur! We may add to Dr. Bruce's statement that the name given to the place originally was Arthur Hill. Other children of Mr. Cookson were honoured in the same manner. And so it comes that we have streets close at hand, and forming part of the old estate of the Cooksons, named John, Edward, William, and Mary.

The Lion Bridge, Alnwick.

MANY subjects engage the attention of the antiquary and the painter in the neighbourhood of Alnwick. The Castle, of course, stands first in importance, and it is this venerable structure which is delineated in our sketch, the standpoint being the Lion Bridge, itself a most picturesque object. From the battlements of the bridge a fairly comprehensive view of the castle may be obtained. Those who wish to include the bridge and castle in one grand scene will have to walk a short distance along the river bank. It is here that the artist may frequently be seen with busy pencil. The bridge figures prominently in Turner's great picture of Alnwick by moonlight. An incident in connection with it is described by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," as an illustration of the strange fact that trivial things are often remembered when more important ones are forgotten. "I remember," he says, "the Percy Lion on the bridge over the little river at Alnwick—the leaden lion—with its tail



Alnwick Castle. From the Lion Bridge

stretched out straight like a pump handle—and why? Because of the story of the village boy who would fain bestride the leaden tail, standing out over the water—which breaking, he dropped into the stream far below, and was taken out an idiot for the rest of his life.”

Notes and Commentaries.

BURYING THE COLOURS OF A REGIMENT IN NEWCASTLE.

In 1763, on peace being declared, after a war of many years between this country and France, a singular and exciting incident was witnessed in Newcastle—the public burial, with military honours, of the old colours of the 25th Regiment of Foot, then commanded by Lord Lennox. What were the exact proceedings cannot now be stated, the records of the event being very scant indeed. These records merely state “that on Tuesday, May 31st, 1763, the old colours of the 25th Regiment, being so much wounded in Germany, and particularly at the glorious and ever memorable battle of Minden (August 1, 1759), were buried at Newcastle with military honours.” Probably, however, the old flags, as they were borne along the streets of the town, in their tattered and torn condition, to the place of burial, would be demonstratively greeted by the townsmen. Doubtless, also, the soldiers forming the remnant of the regiment, as they preceded and followed the emblems, would be welcomed in a manner worthy of their countrymen. The place of interment is not stated; but possibly it was one of the churchyards of the town. With the burial of the flags an important war period may be regarded as having closed, and it is worthy of note that, on the following day, the people had their minds diverted to religion and peace; for on Wednesday, June 1, 1763, the Rev. John Wesley arrived at Newcastle from Scotland, and on that and several following days spoke to immense audiences.

J. S. Y., Hull.

A YORKSHIRE ROBBERY AND ITS DETECTION.

The following curious story is copied from “Annals of Yorkshire”:—“Samuel Sunderland, Esq., who flourished in the reign of Charles I. and in the Commonwealth, resided at Arthing Hill, not far from Bingley. He was one of the richest men of his age, and had accumulated an immense quantity of gold coin, which he preserved in bags placed on two shelves in a private part of his house. Two individuals, who resided at Collingham, determined to rob Mr. Sunderland of the whole, or, at any rate, a considerable quantity, of his gold; and in order to prevent the chance of successful pursuit, they persuaded a blacksmith at Collingham to put shoes on their horses’ feet backward way. They arrived at Arthing Hall according to their purpose, took away as

much gold in bags as they could carry off, and, notwithstanding the communication of an alarm to the family before they left the house, succeeded in accomplishing their retreat. The weight of the gold they took away was too heavy for their jaded horses, and they were compelled to leave part of it on Blackmoor, where it was afterwards found by some persons of Chapeltown. It so happened that the robbers had taken a dog with them on their expedition, and this animal, in the hurry of their retreat, they left behind them, fastened up in the place from which they had taken the gold. The friends and neighbours of Mr. Sunderland, who had determined upon pursuit, immediately saw in this dog the means of detecting the offenders. Having broken one of its legs, to prevent its running too fast for their horses, they turned it loose. It proceeded, notwithstanding its excruciating pain, to Collingham, and went directly to the house of its owners. The pursuers arrived, burst open the door, and found the thieves in the very act of counting the money. They were sent to York, tried, condemned to die, and their own apprentice was compelled to act the part of executioner. This young man, though innocent of any capital participation in the robbery, was so horror-struck by the deed he had been compelled to perform, that he criminated himself and followed the fate of his masters.”

NIGEL, York.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CHILD'S REASON.

A six-year-old little boy, residing in Jesmond, was joked one night lately about falling asleep in the tram-car. “Oh,” he answered, “I went to sleep when I wasn’t looking!”

CAMELS AND ASSES.

Tommy Atkins: “Look here! I have known lots of camels work hard, a whole week, without drinking, when we were on the march.” Jack Docker: “Git oot, man! that’s nowt! Aa knaa lots o’ asaes whe drink hard a whole fortnest, wivoot warkin’, and then march te the kitty. Yor camels cudden de that, could they, noo?”

A PITMAN'S APOLOGY.

One of the directors of a local colliery recently visited the scene of his investment. Observing one of the workmen leaning on his shovel, and thus apparently idling his time away, he addressed him with some pomposity as follows: “My man, can’t you find something else to do?” This query somewhat staggered the workman, who replied: “Wey, what the deuce have ye te de wi’t? Gan te Jarrico, ye fyul!” The director reported the matter to the foreman, who with the alacrity of an official who knows who “butters his bread,” hurried off to the delinquent and exclaimed: “Hi, come here, ye slaving cull! Did ye

not knaa whe that wes whe wes heor just noo?" "Hoo should aa knaa? Onnyway, whe is he?" was the reply. "Oh, ye'll knaa varry syun. Ye'll hev te 'pologise, or gan hyem." "Weel," said the man, "aa divvent want te gan hyem, se aa'll 'pologise." Off he went. Meanwhile, the director had reached a group of officials to whom he told the story. The man approached the director and asked: "Arn't ye the chep whe aa tell't te gan te Jarrico just noo? Aa's come te 'pologise, se aa'll just say, divvent gan noo!"

PORTABLE ENGINE.

An engineman at Jarrow, referring to his son who had been out of work, said to an inquirer:—"He's making a varry canny living noo; he hes a portigal engine!"

A MILITIAMAN'S RELIGION.

More than twenty years ago, when the work of restoring the ancient church of St. Michael, Alnwick, was going on, the Northumberland Light Infantry Militia was quartered in the same town for the annual training. In consequence of the sacred edifice being closed pending the restoration, the Corn Exchange was opened in its stead as a place of worship for those of the regiment who attended the Church of England. One Sunday morning, when the gallant corps was on church parade, a bold Novocastrian inadvertently strayed into the ranks of the Catholic party. Being perceived by the captain in command, he was asked by that officer: "What religion are you, my man?" Whereupon the straggler, with a look of bewilderment, answered: "If you please, sor, aa's a Corn Exchange man!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. John Blagdon, one of the oldest shipowners of North Shields, died on the 6th of November, 1888.

On the 6th of November, the remains of Mr. William Isaac Cookson, who had died at Worksop Manor, Nottingham, on the 1st, were interred in the family vault at Benwell Churchyard, Newcastle. The deceased gentleman, who was 76 years of age, was head of the firm of Messrs. Cookson and Co., coalowners and lead manufacturers, Newcastle, and formerly lived at Benwell Tower, now the residence of the Bishop of Newcastle.

Mr. J. W. George, printing overseer, who had been forty years in the service of the proprietors of the *Newcastle Journal*, died on the 9th of November, aged 60.

On the 11th of November, Mrs. Oliver, wife of Dr. Thomas Oliver, one of the principal physicians at the Newcastle Infirmary, died at the residence of her father, Mr. W. Jenkins, J.P., at Consett.

Mr. John Telfer, of the firm of Messrs. John Telfer and Son, wholesale and retail tobacconists, Newcastle, died on the 12th of November, at the age of 65 years.

The Rev. Mr. Stepney, who had been in the Wesleyan ministry over fifty years, died at Houghton-le-Spring on the 13th of November, his age being 77 years.

On the 13th of November, Alderman Thomas Gray died at his residence, Spital Hill, near Morpeth. About six weeks previously, he had received an apparently



Ald. Thos Gray.
Died Nov. 13. 1888

slight injury to his foot in alighting from his trap, and this was the origin of the illness which, unfortunately, terminated fatally. A native of York, where, for a time, he had been in the employment of the North-Eastern Railway Company, Mr. Gray came to Newcastle in 1851. He entered upon possession of the Alexandra Hotel, which he conducted for several years; and he also became the lessee of the advertising stations on the North-Eastern and other leading railways in the kingdom. A few years ago, he commenced, with others, the issue of Gray's Time Tables for Scotland, and he was head of the firm of Gray and Co., printers, Edinburgh. In the course of a very active life, deceased had been connected with all sorts of financial undertakings, and in most of them he had achieved very considerable success. Mr. Gray was elected to the Newcastle Council as one of the representatives of Elswick Ward on the 1st of November, 1871. In 1884-85, he served the office of Sheriff, and in 1886 he was raised to the position of alderman. He was one of the guarantors in securing Elswick Park for the use of the public, previous to its acquisition by the Corporation; and he took a prominent part in the arrangements connected with the Royal Jubilee Exhibition in 1887. The deceased gentleman, who was married, was 64 years of age.

Colonel Duncan, C.B., Royal Artillery, and member for the Holborn Division of Finsbury, died on the 16th of November. He was a native of Aberdeen, and was 52 years of age. He unsuccessfully contested Morpeth against Mr. T. Burt, and afterwards, with a like result, the city of Durham. The deceased gentleman was a D.C.L. of Durham University. (See vol. ii., p. 144.)

Mr. George Gamsby, who took a very prominent part in the Chartist movement, along with Mr. Binns, Mr. James Williams, Dr. Gammage, and others, died at Sunderland on the 21st of November, in his 82nd year.

Dr. Edward Headlam Greenhow, of Reigate, Surrey, formerly of Tynemouth, died suddenly in London on the 22nd of November, aged 74. The deceased gentleman belonged to a family of doctors. The first who settled on Tyneside was Dr. Edward Martin Greenhow, a native of Stirling, who had been an army surgeon and served with General Elliot at the siege of Gibraltar, who was married at Tynemouth in 1786, and who died in Dockway Square, North Shields, in 1835. A son of his, Dr. Edward Greenhow, followed the profession of his father, also in Dockway Square, and was mentioned in connection with the Margetts mystery. (See vol. i., page 58.) Another son of the old army surgeon was Dr. T. M. Greenhow, a well-known practitioner in Newcastle, who married a sister of Harriet Martineau, and whose sister, Sarah Greenhow, married Harriet Martineau's brother George, at Christ Church, Tynemouth, on the 26th of July, 1836. It was Dr. T. M. Greenhow, then surgeon to the Newcastle Infirmary, who recommended Harriet Martineau to try the effects of mesmerism for the cure of her ailments. (See vol. i., page 415.)

The death was announced, on the 24th of November, of Mr. Morgan Robinson, mining engineer, Newcastle, and late manager of Wardley Colliery, from which he drew the first tub of coals to bank.

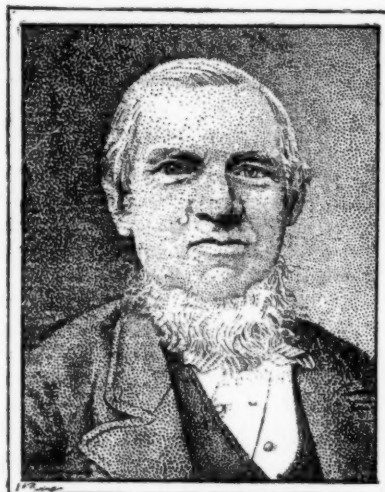
Mrs. Leslie, wife of Mr. Andrew Leslie, the well-known Tyne shipbuilder, died at Coxlodge Hall, near Newcastle, on the 28th of November.

Mr. Adam Patterson, a member of the editorial staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, died after a short but severe illness, on the 29th of November. Though only a little over thirty years of age, the deceased gentleman had had considerable experience as a journalist. After a short service on the now defunct *Northern Daily Express* he joined the literary department of the *Chronicle*, and for some time was in the London office of that paper. Returning to Newcastle, he resumed his position as reporter on the *Daily Chronicle*; and on the establishment of the *Evening Chronicle*, he was appointed to the post, which he held till his death, of its responsible editor. Mr. Patterson's frank and genial demeanour, combined with his honourable and upright conduct, had endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. William Daggett, of the firm of Messrs. Ingledew and Daggett, solicitors, Newcastle, died on the 6th of December. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Alderman Ingledew, but, for family reasons, he took the maiden name of his mother, who belonged to Pickhill, Yorkshire. The deceased gentleman was 63 years of age, and was born in Dean Street, over the offices he occupied up to his death. He served his articles as a solicitor with his father, and was admitted a practitioner in 1848. He represented St. Nicholas' Ward in the Town Council for twelve years, and acted as Under-Sheriff during his father's Shrievalty in the year 1852-53; while he was Sheriff himself in 1870-71. He retired from the Council in consequence of the pressure of professional duties and delicate health, and has since devoted himself exclusively to his avocations as a solicitor. He was Deputy-Registrar of the Newcastle County Court under the late Mr. Brook Mortimer, then joint Registrar with Mr. Mortimer, and on the death of that gentleman he became Registrar in

conjunction with his brother, Mr. James H. Ingledew. On the creation of the Newcastle Bishopric, Mr. Daggett was appointed secretary to the bishop.

On the 5th of December, Mr. George Dodds, ex-Mayor of Tynemouth, and a well-known temperance advocate, died at the residence of Mr. F. Gascoigne, his son-in-law, in Newcastle. For many years a resident at Cullercoats, the deceased gentleman was elected a member of the Tynemouth Town Council in 1877, and had thus served eleven years as an efficient and useful member of that body. He had been a Guardian of the Poor in the Tynemouth



MR. GEORGE DODDS.

Union for fifteen years, and was connected with most of the philanthropic and benevolent institutions in the borough. Born in the neighbourhood of the Ouseburn, Newcastle, on the 19th of November, 1810, he had entered upon the seventy-ninth year of his age. To the last he retained his connection with his native town, in which for a long period he carried on, successfully, a coffee-roasting business. Mr. Dodds first signed the temperance pledge on the 24th of September, 1836. He was the last surviving member of the original committee of the Newcastle Temperance Society; and on the occasion of his jubilee as an abstainer, two years ago, he received the congratulations of that body, as well as of the Tynemouth Council, and of his numerous other friends in the district. The deceased gentleman was also a keen politician, and took an active part in the agitation which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832.

On the 5th of December, Mr. Joseph Jordon died at his residence, Burney Villa, James Street, Gateshead. For the last quarter of a century he took an active interest in the Gateshead Dispensary, and for the last few years acted as secretary. The deceased gentleman was about 60 years of age.

Mr. H. J. Trotter, M.P. for Colchester, son of the late William Trotter, of Bishop Auckland, died on the 6th of December, at the age of 52 years.

On the same day, Mr. W. Havelock, land agent and timber valuer, died at his residence in Hencote Street,

Hexham, in the 69th year of his age. The office of forester to the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners had been held by deceased and his fore-elders for three generations.

born at Matfen, Northumberland, on the 2nd of January, 1844, and has been a member of the Council since 1876, while in 1880-81 he occupied the position of Sheriff.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

6.—It was reported that some interesting experiments had been conducted at the works of Messrs. Bell, near Middlesbrough, with a new blasting material, named "Bellite," the invention of a Swedish chemist.

7.—It was announced that Sir Lowthian Bell had been appointed by the Prince of Wales vice-chairman of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute.

8.—Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis, on the eve of the termination of his year of office as Sheriff, was entertained to



Equally unanimous to the shrievalty, on this occasion, was the election of Mr. William Sutton, draper, who is a native of Langholm, Dumfriesshire, where he was born on the 19th of December, 1837. He entered the Council



JOSEPH BAXTER ELLIS.

dinner by the members of the Newcastle Corporation, at the Douglas Hotel, the chair being occupied by Mr. Alderman Newton.

—Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds, delivered a lecture on "The Philosophy of Temperance," in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Newcastle.

9.—The election of Mayors and other municipal officers for the ensuing year took place throughout the North of England. In accordance with an arrangement previously arrived at, the choice of Mayor, in the case of Newcastle, fell unanimously upon Mr. Thomas Richardson, who was proposed by Mr. Alderman Hamond, and seconded by Mr. J. G. Youll. Mr. Richardson, corn merchant, was



as a representative of Jesmond Ward on the 1st of November, 1878. At Gateshead, Mr. Alderman John Lucas was, without opposition, elected chief-magistrate. About fifty years of age, Mr. Lucas is a native of Eighton Banks, and was first elected a member of the Town Council,



Gateshead, in 1868. The mayoral elections in the other local towns were—South Shields, Mr. Alderman Scott; Stockton, Mr. Alderman Nelson; Darlington, Mr. W. Harding; Tynemouth, Mr. R. Collins; Jarrow, Mr. Alderman Berkley; Morpeth, Mr. William Clarkson; Sunderland, Mr. Alderman Barnes; Durham, Mr. Alderman Boyd; Middlesbrough, Mr. Raylton Dixon; Hartlepool, Mr. R. C. Black; West Hartlepool, Mr. Alderman Pyman; and Berwick, Commander Norman, R.N.

10.—The usual winter series of People's Concerts commenced in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—As President of the Durham College of Science in Newcastle, Dr. Lake, Dean of Durham and Warden of the University, issued an appeal for subscriptions on behalf of the College, a sum of not less than £20,000 being required to place it in a sound financial position.

12.—The Rev. Dr. Dallinger, the well-known Wesleyan minister and scientist, lectured on a scientific topic in Newcastle.

13.—The brig Granite, of West Hartlepool, was wrecked at the mouth of the Tees, all hands, eight in number, being drowned. Miss Strover, sister of the registrar of Hartlepool County Court, while witnessing the ineffectual attempts of the lifeboat to save the men, fell dead from excitement.

—Benjamin Dunnell, 36 years of age, was committed for trial by the Newcastle magistrates, on a charge of

attempting to murder Margaret Cooper. On the 24th, he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude by Mr. Baron Pollock.

14.—In the House of Commons, in answer to a question by Mr. Milvain, Mr. Matthews, Home Secretary, stated that there had been a careful inquiry and report on the subject of the burglary at Edlingham Vicarage, near Alnwick, in Northumberland, for which offence two men were convicted in 1879, and had since been in penal servitude. The circumstances elicited were most singular and unprecedented. After careful consideration, he had directed criminal proceedings to be taken against two others, and he had ordered the two men who were convicted in 1879 to be released on license. Michael Brannagan and Peter Murphy, the two prisoners set at liberty, arrived at Alnwick from Dartmoor on the 16th, and met with a most enthusiastic reception from their relatives and the inhabitants generally. On the previous day the other two men, George Edgell, 46, and Charles Richardson, 55 years of age, were apprehended by the Alnwick police, and remanded on the charge of having, on their own confession, been implicated in the burglary. The gentlemen who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing to light the true circumstances of the extraordinary case were the Rev. J. J. M. Perry, vicar of St. Paul's, Alnwick, and Mr. C. Percy, solicitor, of the same town. Edgell and Richardson were committed for trial on the 21st; and on being brought before Mr. Baron Pollock, at the Northumberland Assizes, on the 24th, they pleaded guilty to the burglary, and were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude. In the House of Commons, on the 3rd of December, in answer to Mr. Milvain, the Home Secretary stated that a "free pardon" had been granted to Murphy and Brannagan, and that he had obtained the sanction of the Treasury, under the exceptional circumstances of the case, to offer £800 to each man as pecuniary compensation.

15.—A coroner's jury in London returned a verdict of unsound mind in the case of Mr. William Snowden Robinson, one of the senior solicitors practising in Sunderland, who had committed suicide by shooting himself at High-bury, whither he had gone on a visit.

—At a meeting of delegates of the Northumberland Miners' Union, it was decided to ask for an advance of wages to the extent of 15 per cent. The owners decided to offer an advance of 5 per cent. at hard coal collieries, and 2½ per cent. at soft coal collieries. These terms were eventually accepted by the men.

16.—It was announced that Mrs. McGrady, of Monkwearmouth, who had given birth to four children, had received £4, the Queen's bounty. (See vol. ii., page 574.) This, according to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, was the only authenticated instance in England of a woman having borne four children at a birth.

—During a violent storm of wind, a little girl named Ethel Pender, six years of age, was blown into the middle of the street at Gateshead, and was killed by a passing vehicle. A good deal of damage was done to property in Newcastle and district. The gale was renewed with great violence on the 22nd, when a boy named Young, six years old, was killed by the fall of the chimney connected with the school at Stargate Colliery Village, in the parish of Ryton.

18.—George Macdonald, a cartman, died at Blaydon, from the effects of injuries to his head, inflicted by Edward Tench, during a quarrel, on the 16th. The man

Tench pleaded guilty to the charge of manslaughter, before Mr. Baron Pollock, at Durham Assizes, and was sentenced to ten months' hard labour.

19.—The result of the triennial election of the Gateshead School Board was announced, the Rev. W. Moore Ede, Rector, being at the head of the poll. The constitution of the Board remained practically unchanged.

—A handcuffed prisoner, named William Singleton, 33 years of age, who had been conveyed to Wallsend Railway Station for removal to Tynemouth, suddenly threw himself upon the line, and was run over by a passing train, his injuries being such that he died in a few hours at the Newcastle Infirmary.

—Dr. R. S. Watson sat as arbitrator in reference to an application for an advance of 1s. per ton in connection with the North of England Iron Trade. As the result of the arbitration, he awarded an advance of 5 per cent. on tonnage rates, and 6d. per ton on puddling. The men's claim was 10 per cent.

21.—A new Wesleyan Methodist Chapel was opened in Newport Road, Middlesbrough.

—Earl Spencer, formerly Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, addressed a political meeting in the Assembly Rooms, North Shields.

22.—The steamship Vauxhall, of London, was sunk by collision with the steamer Prudhoe Castle, in Shields Harbour, but, happily, no lives were lost.

23.—Lord Armstrong, who had come forward as a candidate for the representation of the Rothbury Division on the Northumberland County Council, addressed a public meeting at Rothbury, giving some interesting reminiscences of his early connection with Crag-side.

24.—At the Newcastle Assizes, Edward Tait, 21, fitter, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of his brother, David Tait, in Newcastle.

—John Dove and Elizabeth Dove, husband and wife, who had been committed for trial on the charge of the manslaughter of their daughter, Minnie Dove, were acquitted at Newcastle Assizes, before Mr. Baron Pollock.

26.—Mr. J. G. Youll, solicitor, was elected an alderman of the Newcastle City Council.

27.—During the prevalence of a severe storm, a fishing boat from Alnmouth, belonging to George Richardson, was capsized, and Robert Richardson, one of three brothers, was drowned.

—At a conference, held in Newcastle, of representatives of the medical charities and others, it was decided that a subscription be opened to found an institution to be designated the North of England Samaritan Society, with the object of supplying medical and surgical appliances, &c., to the deserving poor.

29.—At the Durham Assizes, William Waddle was sentenced to death by Mr. Baron Pollock, for the murder of Jane Beetmoor, or Savage, at Birtley Fell, on the 22nd of September. (See vol. ii., page 526.)

—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., son of the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Newcastle, author of "The Roman Wall," was returned to Parliament, as member for the Holborn Division of Finsbury, in succession to the late Colonel Duncan.

—Sir William Vernon Harcourt presided at the annual dinner of the Newcastle Liberal Club, and in the evening addressed a meeting in the Town Hall. The right hon. gentleman spoke on the following evening at a meeting at Darlington.

30.—Voting papers, to the number of 85,000, were issued to the owners of property and ratepayers in Newcastle for the purpose of ascertaining whether a majority were in favour of triennial instead of annual elections of Guardians. On the papers being examined, it was found that 9,428 voted in favour of triennial, and 5,921 for annual elections.

DECEMBER.

1.—The Durham Salt Company was registered at Somerset House, with a capital of £200,000.

3.—Mrs. Ashton W. Dilke, widow of a former member for Newcastle, was present and spoke at the annual



Mrs Ashton Dilke

meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead Women's Liberal Association.

4.—A Jewish Young Men's Improvement Association was inaugurated in Newcastle.

—It was announced that Mr. J. Baxter Ellis had accepted the office of chairman of the Botanical and Horticultural Society of Newcastle, Northumberland, and Durham.

—The first launch took place from the new shipbuilding yard of Messrs. W. Gray and Co., West Hartlepool.

5.—The shareholders of the High Gosforth Park Company, at an extraordinary meeting, resolved to reduce the capital from £100,000 to £60,000, the shares in future to rank as of £30 instead of £50.

6.—It was announced that, in view of the demand for higher education at a reasonable cost, the managers of the Wesleyan Orphan House Elementary Day School, Newcastle, had decided to replace it by a Science and Art School, under the regulations of the Science and Art Department, with Mr. J. S. Chippindale as head master.

4.—Mr. and Mrs. F. J. W. Collingwood, of Glanton Pike, Northumberland, celebrated their golden wedding.

6.—The magistrates at Bedlington, on the application of Mr. Richard Fynes, as lessee, granted a full license to the new Theatre Royal at Blyth.

7.—At a special meeting of the Cowpen Local Board, it was unanimously decided to light Cowpen township with electricity, at a cost of £575 per annum.

8.—Mr. R. S. Donkin, M.P., opened a new Church of England Working Men's Club, in Tyne Street, North Shields.

9.—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Mr. Arthur Nicols, F.G.S., lectured, under the auspices of the Tyne-



side Sunday Lecture Society, on "How did the World begin, and how will it end? Ancient Beliefs and Modern Science." There was a crowded audience, the chair being occupied by Mr. Alderman Barkas.

General Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

14.—Thirty miners were killed by an explosion of fire-damp in the Frederick Pit, Dour, Belgium.

—Information was received that Mr. Jasper Douglas Pyne, M.P. for Waterford West, had been drowned whilst crossing in a steamer from Dublin to Holyhead.

15.—The marriage of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., with Miss Mary Endicott, daughter of the American Secretary for War, was solemnized at St. John's Church, Washington, United States.

19.—The Empress Frederick of Prussia, with her daughters, arrived in England on a visit to her mother, Queen Victoria.

21.—Another outrage was reported from the East End of London. An intoxicated woman was attacked by a man in a lodging-house with a knife. He only succeeded in inflicting a slight wound in the throat before she gave the alarm. Though followed for a distance, the criminal managed to get away.

About this time storms were frequent on the East Coast, many shipwrecks and much loss of life being reported.

23.—A farmer named Dennis Daly was murdered near Gloun-na-Geentlay, near Tralee, county Kerry, Ireland.

23.—Death of Major Purcell O'Gorman, who sat in the House of Commons for several years, and enjoyed the distinction of being the biggest man in the House. He was one of the supporters of Dr. Kenealy when that member applied for a Royal Commission to inquire into the Tichborne case.

24.—O'Connor beat Teemer in a sculling match on the Potomac River, United States. On the 26th, Beach defeated Hanlan on the Paramatta River, Australia.

26.—At Betley, Staffordshire, a pointsman named James Jervis murdered his wife and two children, and took his own life.

—A boy named Serle, aged 13, was murdered at Havant. Suspicion fell upon a lad named Husband, who was arrested and charged with the crime.

30.—Several sittings of the Parnell Commission were held during November, and much important evidence was given concerning outrages and murders in Ireland.

DECEMBER,

2.—Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., was ordered to withdraw from the House of Commons by the Speaker, in consequence of having characterised the refusal of Mr. W. H. Smith to give a day for the discussion of a certain motion as "a dishonourable trick."

—A demonstration took place in Paris, under the auspices of the Municipal Council, in honour of M. Baudin, a deputy who was killed at the time of the Coup d'état, December 2, 1852.

3.—Prompt measures were taken by the British Government for the relief of Suakim, on the Red Sea, that town having been besieged for a considerable time by Arabs.

7.—Richard Wake, an artist for the *Graphic*, was killed by an Arab bullet whilst making sketches at Suakim.

9.—A daring attempt to carry out lynch law took place in the mining town of Birmingham, Alabama, United States. A mob demanded the officers of the gaol to give up a prisoner who had murdered his wife and children. This was refused. Firing was at once commenced, and about twenty of the mob were killed or wounded. During the encounter the sheriff turned a Gatling gun on the crowd.